

KENTUCKY MOUNTAINEER.

FOR THE RIGHTS OF THE MOUNTAIN PEOPLE OF KENTUCKY, NOT THEIR WRONGS.

VOLUME I.

SALYERSVILLE, MAGOFFIN COUNTY, KENTUCKY, FRIDAY, JUNE 7, 1912.

NUMBER 22.

Correspondence.

TO CORRESPONDENTS: Mail your letters early so they will get to us at least on Monday night. RULES: Write on one side of the paper only; write plainly; spell names correctly, and write "Cor" on the envelope.

Leave out neighborhood visits or we will.

If your letter does not appear, remember that it was either too late or that its contents did not justify publication.

We leave out a part, or all, of other letters as well as yours.

Our space is limited and we must leave out much that is intended for publication. That is one of the many unthankful tasks of the editor.

Correspondents get your LETTERS in early.

OLDE.

Mrs. Lizzie Cheek has been very ill for the past week.

James Love, of Nida, Okla., has returned to Kentucky to live. He has been in the west for about four years.

Daniel and Raleigh Tackett have returned from Jenkins.

Kelly Love has returned from the west like the rest of the fortune seekers.

PUFF STUFF.

CARVER.

A few days ago Wesley Rowe sold his moonshine still to G. W. Salyer, of White Oak for \$45.

Yesterday Dud Cole was in the woods looking for ginseng and came in contact with a rattlesnake. He soon assassinated the reptile.

The school teachers are now beginning to look for schools.

BRADLEY.

Mrs. L. C. Patrick is on the sick list.

Raleigh Salyer returned home Sunday and seems to be doing nicely.

J. B. Morgan and Fred Smith have gone to their homes in W. Va.

W. H. Power, of Prestonsburg, passed through here yesterday.

HOPEFUL.

WALDO.

Elijah Howard, of Breathitt county, is very low with fever.

Mrs. James Oliver is very sick.

Joseph Wireman while unrigging his mule a few days ago was struck in the face by one of the mules throwing their head up, hurting him very much, and before Joe had time to think he knocked the mule down, the result being a broken fist.

Sam Slusher, who moved to Michigan, is writing to his people for money to come back home on.

Irvin Bailey lost a fine cow a few days ago.

IVYTON.

Miss Nell Patrick, of Salyersville, has been visiting relatives here.

Mrs. Hensley, who has been on the sick list for quite a while, is improving.

Grant Stone arrived here Sunday from Alger, O., looking out for work hands, and he reports that a great many have promised to go with him.

Harris Poe come over Sunday from Green Rock to see his best girl. Harris is a splendid good fellow and has to get out of the bed to turn over on account of his awful big feet.

Miller Meek, the telegraph operator, of Henryetta, was in the village Friday.

The Red Men from Johnson and Floyd counties will meet here Sunday the 9th, to decorate Thos. Stone's grave, and a large crowd is expected to be present.

COR.

GAPVILLE.

Several people attended church Sunday at the John Holbrook cemetery. The preachers were John Joseph, John Adams and R. D. Holbrook.

Mrs. Leslie Risner died at the home of her father May 24. She leaves a husband, 3 children, a father and mother and several brothers and sisters to mourn the loss.

Mrs. Evelyn Stanley and son Byron visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jasper Holbrook, last week.

Miss Maude Howard passed here today on her way to visit Mrs. Walter Holbrook.

Leander Collins is still on the sick list.

Press Barnett recently returned from Alger, O., and is now down sick at the home of his father.

Contrary Fork of Pricy.

Juvenier next to the first Nineteen Hundred and Circuit Court.

Now as to my political propensity I have been criticised by your all-wise-town up-starts. They say Teddy and Clark have the nominations. Now you'd better listen to some one who has things at first hand. I don't pretend to read all the newspapers in the United States but I do know about Contrary Fork of Pricy. Taft will get all of the Republicans in our new State but about half a dozen and they'll vote for Bryan through contrariness, and Bryan will get all of the Democrat votes except half a dozen who will vote for Taft through contrariness. Now as there are only a dozen votes in our new State at present it seems to me that Taft and Bryan will lead their opponents by a good majority. You see that each Democrat is jealous of each other for fear that the other fellow will get the postoffice and they would rather vote for their opponent than to risk their own men. The Republicans will vote for the Democrats for the same reason. News is muchly scarce.

RUE JOHNSON.

New Fish Law.

It has always been a violation of the law to catch fish except with hook and line, but the law has never been enforced. The practice of killing fish by dynamite and catching them with seines, nets and baskets is one that has become general. At the last session of the Legislature a law was passed making it a penitentiary offense to dynamite for fish. We hope steps will be taken by the authorities and by all lovers of sport to see that this law is rigidly enforced. Fish is public property. All the people, therefore, should be interested sufficiently to do all in their power to have this law enforced. The government has been for the past few years supplying our streams with various kinds of fish, and will continue to do so if the people will manifest the proper appreciation. If the people will quit seining and netting and dynamiting it is an easy matter to catch fish with a hook and line. Let us hope that dynamiting will cease. If it does not the penitentiary will be the home for the dynamiter. — Campton Courier.

ST. PETER AT THE GATE.

JOSEPH BERT SNILEY.

St. Peter stood guard at the golden gate,
With a solemn mein and an air sedate,
When up to the top of the golden stair
A man and a woman ascended there,
Applied for admission. They came and stood
Before St. Peter, so great and good,
In hopes the City of Peace to win,
And asked St. Peter to let them in.
The woman was tall, and lank, and thin,
With a scraggy headlet upon her chin;
The man was short, and thick, and stout;
His stomach was built so it rounded out;
His face was pleasant and all the while
He wore a kindly and genial smile.
The choir in the distance the echoes woke,
And the man kept still while the woman spoke:
"Oh, thou who guardest the gate," said she,
"We two come hither beseeching thee
To let us enter the heavenly land,
And play our harps with the angel band.
Of me, St. Peter, there is no doubt—
There is nothing from heaven to bar me out.
I have been to meeting three times a week,
And almost always I rise and speak.
I've told the sinners about the day
When they'd repent their evil way;
I've told my neighbors, I have told them all,
'Bout Adam and Eve and the primeval fall;
I've shown them what they'd have to do
If they'd pass in with the chosen few;
I've marked their path of duty clear—
Laid out the plan for their whole career;
I've talked and talked to 'em, loud and long,
For my lungs are good and my voice is strong.
So, good St. Peter, you'll clearly see
The gate of heaven is open to me.
But my old man, I regret to say,
Hasn't walked exactly the narrow way;
He smokes and he swears, and grave faults he's got,
And I don't know whether he will pass or not.
He never would pray with an earnest vim,
Or go to revival, or join in a hymn.
So I had to leave him in sorrow there,
While I, with the chosen, united in prayer.
He ate what the pantry chanced to afford,
While I, in my purity, sang to the Lord;
And if cucumbers were all he got,
It's a chance if he merited them or not.
But oh, St. Peter, I love him so!
To the pleasure of heaven please let him go!
I've done enough—a saint I've been.
Won't that atone? Can't you let him in?
By my grim gospel I know 'tis so,
That the unrepentant must fry below;
But isn't there some way that you can see,
That he may enter who's dear to me?
It's a narrow gospel by which I pray,
But the chosen expect to find some way
Of coaxing, or fooling, or bribing you,
So that their relation may amble through.
And say, St. Peter, it seems to me
This gate isn't kept as it ought to be.
You ought to stand by that opening there,
And never sit down in that easy chair.
And say, St. Peter, my sight is dimmed,
But I don't like the way your whiskers are trimmed;
They're cut too wide, and outward toss;
They'd look better narrower, cut straight across.
Well we must be going our crowns to win,
So open, St. Peter, and we'll pass in."
St. Peter sat quiet and stroked his staff,
But spite of his office he had to laugh;
Then said, with a fire gleam in his eye,
"Who's tending this gateway—you, or I?"
And then he arose in his stature tall,
And pressed a button upon the wall,
And said to the imp who answered the bell,
"Escort this lady around to hell!"
The man stood still as a piece of stone—
Stood sadly, gloomily, there alone;
A lifelong settled idea he had
That his wife was good and he was bad.
He thought, if the woman went down below,
That he would certainly have to go;
That if she went to the regions dim,
There wasn't a ghost of a show for him.
Slowly he turned, by habit bent,
To follow wherever the woman went.
St. Peter, standing on duty there,
Noticed that the top of his head was bare.
He called the gentleman back and said,
"Friend, how long have you been wed?"
"Thirty years" (with a weary sigh),
And then he thoughtfully added, "Why?"
St. Peter was silent. With head bent down,
He raised his hand and scratched his crown;
Then, seeming a different thought to take,
Slowly, half to himself, he spake:
"Thirty years with that woman there?
No wonder the man hasn't any hair!
Swearing is wicked, smoke is not good.
He smoked and swore—I should think he would.
Thirty years with that tongue so sharp!

Ho! angel Gabriel! give him a harp!
A jeweled harp with a golden string.
Good sir, pass in where the angels sing.
Gabriel, give him a seat alone—
One with a cushion, up near the throne;
Call up some angels to play their best;
Let him enjoy some music in rest;
See that on finest ambrosia he feeds;
He's had about all the hell he needs.
It isn't just hardly the thing to do,
To roast him on earth, and the future, too.
They gave him a harp with golden strings,
A glittering robe with a pair of wings,
And he said as he entered the realm of Day,
"Well, this beats cucumber anyway!"
And so the scriptures had come to pass
"The last shall be first, and the first shall be last."

In order that the applicants may have the advantage of the June examination the County Superintendent has directed the chairmen to elect teachers on the 29th day of June instead of 15th. Either day is legal.

Educational Association.

If you should dip up Lake Erie in a tin cup, a pint at a time, and pour it on the turbine wheels in the wheel-pits at Niagara Falls, you could hardly get them damp. But let a great body of water tumble thru the tunnels and the wheels are driven to generate energy sufficient for running all the machinery within two hundred miles of the falls. The water has might only when it falls in enormous volumes. This principle holds as good in political and social science as in physics. The sum of the forces of a number of units is greater the closer the aggregation of units. The irresistible rushes of Napoleon and Oku; the successful work of parties and sects; the powerful influence of organized public opinion in any great matter—all these, tho widely differing, are based upon the principle illustrated above. To make intellectual or moral forces most effective, they must be made to act in the same direction at the same time. We are trying to impress upon mountain public school teachers that each one is a unit of force. In a general calculation, each one of the ten thousand teachers of Kentucky is doing a faithful, loyal, earnest and, in most cases, efficient work. But how vastly more efficient work could be done by these units of teaching force acting together—by aggregating. The Kentucky Educational Association is sounding a clarion call to all teachers in the State and asking for their presence at the Louisville meeting on June 25-27, for the purpose of more effective organization—a uniting of forces for the benefit of the school and the teacher as well. Four years ago—at the age of sixteen—the editor of The Mountain-er was a pupil in the public

schools of Morgan county—and, being on the "inside of things," we know that every teacher of Wolfe, Morgan and adjacent counties would get abundant knowledge that would go far toward upbuilding education in the mountains by attending this meeting. —Hazel Green Herald.

KEEP UP COURAGE.

You are never defeated until you lose faith in yourself, said some philosopher of long ago. He was right.

This loss of faith has no foundation whatever. Fight it to the bitter end. Despair is fatal to every ambition. Don't conclude that your future must be a failure simply because your past has been. Follow the doctrine of pessimism and it will be a failure, but gather hope, try again, and your success will make you wonder why you ever had that feeling of despair.—Ex.

The six week summer term of the State Normal School at Richmond opens June 18th and closes July 26th. This is a State teacher-training school where students get free tuition.

Interesting Letter

From editor's former pupil in deluged portion of Louisiana:

Crescent, La., May 28, 1912.

Mr. S. S. Elam,
My Dear Teacher:—Most every body here and for miles around are overflowed. We have water in our back yard, and if it were not for the levee we had to build it would be further. Down where you used to live there is about 8 or 10 feet of water. It is certainly awful to see the disaster in this community. Refugees are coming from all parts, some in boats and some in box cars. Baton Rouge is packed, many being turned back.

There has been lots of stock destroyed also. We have nine head of cattle, two horses and three pigs to feed because there has been such an enormous amount of cattle grazing there isn't any more grass hardly. Most of the cattle owners have driven their cattle up the hill around Baton Rouge.

I don't suppose you have crawfish up there. People from town and every where come here for crawfish. They even fish at night. I caught about six buckets of crawfish the other day, put them in the water to keep and nearly all died. So I have learned another lesson. I could send you some if they wouldn't all die, but being so long on the road they may die.

I am trying to make a collection of different things for you. Haven't got such as deer, antlers, moss, etc., to send you. Received several copies of the Mountain-er and read every word with interest. Enclose find view of the river at its greatest stage of water. Yours truly,

JOSEPH SHARON.

WANTED!

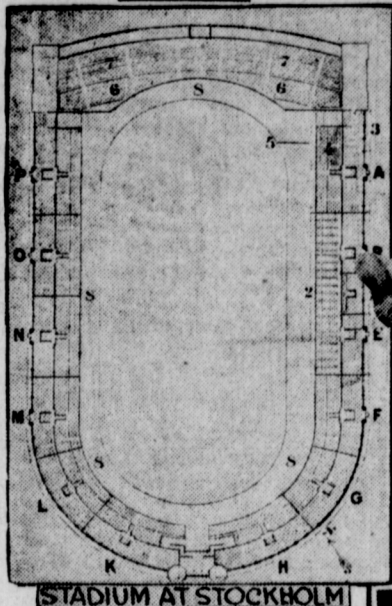
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THE OLYMPIC GAMES The Sunday School Class



1, the royal box; 2, boxes; 3, the press; 4, the committee; 5, the winning post; 6, places for the competitors and the officials; 7, standing room; 8, running track; A-P mark the sections and the side entrances.

Physical Prowess of World's Greatest Athletes Will Be Tested Next Month at Stockholm, Sweden.

By JAMES SCHREIBER.

There is very little left to be done in preparing for the Olympic games, which open in Stockholm, Sweden, the end of this month. The competing teams of the various countries who are not on their way or have not already arrived in Sweden are packing their belongings, ready to start for the great stadium and scene of expected triumphs, where the finest aggregation of athletes ever assembled will be seen.

When this pick of the physical prowess of the world shall have assembled this year it will surpass the athletes in any previous competition of the kind. Never since the time when in 1896 Athens gave the world an agreeable surprise by reviving the ancient Greek sports have we had a better opportunity of witnessing the best possible results man can produce in contests of physical achievement.

According to schedule, the American teams will start on the Finland next week for the scene of battle. This will get them into Stockholm about the time the stadium officially opens, giving them a week or more to become acclimated and acquainted with the grounds, the real games not taking place until July 6. On the boat they will have every possible facility for training. A regulation gymnasium, equipped with sufficient apparatus, has been installed aboard the Finland, and for the runners and sprinters the deck of the ship will always be available. Of course running on a boat on the high seas is much different from taking a turn on land, but the athletes accustomed themselves to it as best they can, and it is a certainty that they will be in good condition when they arrive in Stockholm.

First Modern Olympic Games.

The worldwide popularity of the Olympic games was not really apparent until 1906, when the Greek government finished the stadium, which was ordered unearthed several years previously and the restoration of which was held up by the Greco-Turkish war. The first contest of the kind in 1896 brought together only a few of the world's athletes, most of whom paid their own expenses. The American team, composed mostly of members of the Boston Athletic club, won the meet easily with nine firsts. England sent a few men, and they went home with three firsts, while a Dane won the weight lifting, and the principal event—the Marathon—was captured by a Greek.

The next contest was scheduled for

1900, and as Paris was holding the exposition that year the games were held there. The entries were perhaps a little more numerous than at Athens, but no great stir was created. Of a program of twenty-three events the Americans came in for the lion's share of the honors, winning seventeen, while England got away with four and France and Hungary one each.

In 1904 the Olympics came to America, being held in connection with the St. Louis exhibition, but as an international meet it was a failure, although the entry list was larger than that of the Paris games. Only two Greeks and an Austrian represented Europe.

In the meantime the stadium at Athens was nearing completion, and in 1906 the first real enthusiastic modern Olympic contests were held. Nine hundred athletes, representatives from many countries, performed feats of wonder before thousands of spectators gathered from every section of the world. As generally remembered, the Americans again came out on top with points to spare.

The Great Meet in London.

The success of the meet in Athens proved conclusively that the Olympic games were to live, and two years later, in London, almost 3,000 competitors marched in a remarkable procession before the royal box in an enormous stadium built for the event, as was also the one in Sweden. The Americans again showed their superior athletic qualities, and in spite of differences over the arrangements they won the greater part of the events in which they were entered.

In considering the English games the thing that looms up the greatest is the Marathon race. Over the course of twenty-five miles or more the fleet footed representatives of many countries ran, some giving up before going halfway, while others dropped from exhaustion when victory seemed assured. Dorando Pietre, a plucky Italian, with the assistance of spectators, was carried over the finish line in a fainting condition, but was disqualified. Johnny Hayes, American, who was a close second and running well at the finish, was declared the winner.

The origin of the Marathon race is as historic as that of the Olympic games, although the latter dates back further. Pheidippides is accredited by Browning as being the famous Greek who ran from Marathon to Athens to inform the inhabitants that "Athens is free." But as Pheidippides was not there he could not very well have been the runner. However, history recites that somebody ran with the news of freedom to the Archons, at Athens, and then fell dead at their feet.

The start and finish of this year's race will be in the stadium, which fact is a comfort to the competitors, who, after their grueling test, will have the

proper attention needed, which they didn't get in other years. Indeed, the whole arrangement this year promises well for the comfort and convenience of the competitors.

Stadium in Stockholm.

The new stadium has been erected at a cost of \$250,000. It is in form a regular amphitheater in the shape of a horseshoe. The two arms of the building rest against the rocky slope of the north, behind which lie the administration buildings. Under the amphitheater are arranged the royal foyer, the dressing rooms, the shower baths, luncheon kitchen and promenade arcades. The seats can only be reached from the outer promenade by means of twelve staircases. Admission to interior competing fields is gained through four portals. The arena contains a running track, the inner circumference of which measures 383 meters. During the winter the arena can be used as a skating rink.

The building represents medieval Swedish architecture. On the great eastern tower are two granite figures representing the first human beings belonging to northern mythology, Ask and Embla.

In the middle of the northern arcade of the stadium will be raised the flags of the countries whose representatives are prize winners.

The list of events comprises almost every known modern sport. No women will represent America, although there are numerous events in which the fair sex will be given an opportunity to show its skill.

New Records Promised.

As in previous Olympic games, it is expected that world's records will be broken. When George Horine of Leeland Stanford, Jr., university established a new mark for the running high jump of 6 feet 6 1/4 inches the sporting world was amazed, as nearly seventeen years have elapsed since the last previous record was made, some declaring that the present generation would not see Horine's feat beaten. But who can tell what will be accomplished at Stockholm?

Mel Sheppard, the middle distance runner; Jones, the mile runner; Craig, the sprinter, and Bonhag, who is a champion distance runner; Ralph Rose, shot putter, and McDonald, hammer thrower, all have records, which foreign and American competitors will try to overcome.

Some of the American holders of records have announced that they will try to increase their own mark on the Olympic field, and if they are successful in their attempt America again promises to come away victors over the world's best athletes.

James E. Sullivan has been appointed by President Taft as Olympic commissioner to represent the United States.

SENIOR BEREAN LESSON.

Golden Text.—Be ye doers of the word and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves.—Jas. 1, 22.

Verses 39-42.—Self knowledge. Jesus did not fail to impress on his followers the responsibility which rested on them. It was a call to consecration of life and to concentration of effort in his service. If they realized the privilege they must not forget the duty. They have declared themselves as his disciples. Let them be particular as to the effects that will be produced by this high profession. * * * "Both fall into the ditch." A pit, well or reservoir without walls—such are the perils of incompetent leadership. "Above his master." The taught must not presume to be superior to him who teaches. "Every one that is perfect." "When he is perfected." After he has received instruction and has been equipped he will be a credit to his teacher, with whom he can then compare himself. "The mote." * * * "the beam." There is a wide difference between a speck of sawdust and a huge log of timber like the main beam that supports the roof of a building. How ready we are to detect faults in others and to be wholly oblivious to our own failings! * * * "Thou hypocrite." He who tries to sit in judgment on others when he himself is guilty of even worse defects is playing a false part. * * *

Verses 43-45.—Self reverence. It is nothing short of folly to suppose that deception can be continued indefinitely and that exposure will not overtake the deceiver. * * * "Corrupt fruit" is not generally produced by a tree in a vigorous or normal state. "Good treasure of his heart." Character is likened to a treasure that has been accumulated during the years by discipline, education and experience. There are no short cuts to good results. Nothing can prevent good or evil eventually coming to the surface. * * *

Verses 46-49.—Self control. Jesus was not satisfied with a com-

pany of followers who would not acknowledge his right to rule over their lives. "Why call ye me, Lord, Lord?" A spirit of impatience is shown with these nominal disciples, whose interest in their Master was superficial. Lip homage is worthless unless there is a life homage to indorse it. "Heareth my sayings and doeth them." This will give proof that such are honest and earnest and are willing to pay the price of whole hearted discipleship. "Digged deep" until he reached the rock for a foundation. "Flood arose." The swift and copious rains in Palestine quickly produce torrents that carry destruction. "The stream beat vehemently." "Brake against that house," but it was too firmly established to suffer any serious damage. Matthew's description of the raging storm is more picturesque (chapter vii, 24-27). "Without a foundation." The folly of this builder was that he gave no thought to any foundation, but built at haphazard just where he happened to find ground that was convenient. "The ruin of that house was great." It became a total wreck and reflected discreditably on the thoughtfulness of the builder. The disciples of Jesus are deliberate and considerate; they are intelligent and interested; they are fervent and faithful. * * * "The church's one foundation is Jesus Christ, her Lord," but let each one take heed how he buildeth thereon and what he buildeth, for the day shall declare the worth of his work.

Fighting Fish.

The plankton, or Betta pugilax, is a Malayan fighting fish, specimens of which the natives of Siam pit against each other like gamecocks. These fish are, indeed, veritable aquatic gamecocks and are reared for the sole purpose of fighting. These fights draw large throngs of spectators, and considerable coin is wagered.—Popular Mechanics.

Siam's Unusual Grapefruit.

In Siam there are three kinds of grapefruit, all seedless. One kind has red meat. Two kinds are sweet, and one is sour.

'ROUND THE BASES

By M. PIRE

A FEATURE of the game this season is base stealing. Managers have put their teams through strict practice for this spectacular part of the great national game. It will be remembered that the New York Nationals won the pennant last year through their superior work in circling the bases, and that fact made the bosses of other

was, for, although he still handles the young pitchers very skillfully, he is unable to throw to the bases with that old snap motion that had them all guessing. Yet Kling says he feels as young as he ever did.

It isn't very often that Mike Simon, the Pirates' young backstop, is on the wrong end of a joke, but Pittsburgh fans are laughing over this one: Otto Knabe saw the youngster sitting out in front of a hotel in the Smoky City recently and invited him to come inside and have an oyster cocktail. "No, thanks," replied Mike; "I'm on the water wagon."

Charley ("Gabby") Street, catcher for the New York Yankees, became a professional ball tosser in 1903, since



Photo by American Press Association. Ty Cobb, Who Has Won Fame as a Base Runner.

teams sit up and take notice. The adept at the "fallaway" and the "hook slide" is a valuable piece of baseball timber.

Among the players who have attracted notice because of their clever base running is Ty Cobb, who also made the "hook" and "fallaway" popular.

Sliding to base has been developed into a fine art. The usual way of doing the slide is feet first, but Terry Turner of Cleveland and a few others have been doing it head first, and they've been quite lucky.

Base running requires head work as well as fleetness of feet, as every fan knows, and interesting in this connection was the remark of Connie Mack, the leader of the Philadelphia Americans, that "it's easy to find good mechanical ball players, but it's hard to discover those with a necessary supply of gray matter and moral courage. Intelligent players curb their think tanks when under fire, and that variety of player is worth money." Incidentally Mack had to recruit an almost new club from young players to make his present team.

It is evident that Johnny Kling is not the great catcher that he once



Photo by American Press Association. Catcher Charley Street.

which time he probably has caught more games than any other receiver in the ranks. Taking his past performances as a criterion, it is likely that when the season closes Street will have caught more than 1,000 games since he touched the top of the baseball ladder.

WORK OF THE HUMAN HEART.

Established Facts Concerning Vital Organ and Its Care.

The ordinary man's heart is a pumping station which beats or pumps about seventy-two times a minute. When he was a baby it beat about 120 strokes to the minute, and when he is sixty years of age he will, if he takes out his watch, find that his heart is pumping in time to the seconds—sixty strokes to a minute. A normal heart pumps about six ounces of blood at every beat, or 430 ounces each minute. This means that this little pump lifts every six or seven minutes a weight equal to that of his own body. Stimulants, insufficient sleep, enervating emotions and occupations that are deleterious and require great expenditure of nervous energy will result in functional disorders of the heart, and if persisted in the disturbance will eventually become organic. As the heart rests between the beats anything which causes it to beat from five to ten additional strokes per minute continually will rob it of its need of rest.

The more work demanded of the heart during the day the more sleep is needed to compensate for the added strain. The heart beats about ten times a minute less while lying down and during sleep than while standing and working, so that in one hour 600 strokes are thereby saved. In eight hours, or during a night's sleep, 4,800 beats are saved, and if the heart pumps six ounces of blood at each stroke it would save in labor the pumping of 28,800 ounces, or 1,800 pounds, during the night. The heart is a faithful little pump and a good servant. Treat it well, and it will perform its work uncomplainingly. Give it a vacation occasionally, and your consideration will be repaid with interest, but overwork it by the whip of stimulants and long hours, make it a slave instead of a servant, and, though it will not complain much, it will work harder and harder until it wears out and finally demands your life as a forfeit.—Good Health.

TRUTH IMPERISHABLE.

Get-but the truth once uttered and 'tis like A star newborn that drops into its place And which, once circling in its placid round, Not all the tumult of the earth can shake. —Lowell.

WOMAN POPE RULES POLAND.

Mary Koszowska of Plock Reigns Supreme Over Million Souls.

The first feminine pope in the world's history is Mary Koszowska of Plock, Poland. Ten years ago she was a seamstress. Now she elects and anoints bishops, issues bulls, divorces decrees, marriage licenses, excommunications and free pardons. She is the supreme head of more than 1,000,000 souls, hundreds of parishes and rules a small army of priests.

Her followers call themselves "Mary-awity," or Sons of Mary, after their cult of the Blessed Virgin. When the pope excommunicated them five years ago Koszowska appealed to the Russian government, who declared her sect to be a separate and independent religion, with herself as pope thereof.

When Koszowska visits her spiritual dominions and preaches crowds flock to hear her, and when she sees visions all her followers anxiously await the announcement of what message has been delivered. Naturally enough, Koszowska has plenty of enemies, who call her a hysterical woman with great ambitions. But her followers believe in her implicitly, says the San Francisco Chronicle. When not visiting her parishes she lives in a secluded house in Plock, surrounded by high walls and shut in by gates which are never opened but to her followers. She has a number of women with her, who live like nuns, wearing severe gray habits, sandals and hair shirts.

Their scanty food never includes meat or wine, and they rise in the middle of the night to pray and work. They go about nursing the sick and spend their evenings in night schools for working men.

3,000 LIVE IN CAVES.

Queer People Burrow In Soil at Ancient Tunis.

The capital city of the Matmatas, the cave dwellers of Tunis, containing about 3,000 inhabitants, is one of the strangest in the world. It is not erected upon the ground, but is burrowed in the earth, the country being a high, rocky plateau, barren, sun baked and swept by the simoom.

When one of these people wishes to build a dwelling he chooses his spot, traces a circle to show its location and then digs until he reaches the desired depth, which varies according to the number of stories he desires. The rooms are caves hollowed out in the sides of the circular covered pit, and the bottom of the pit forms the courtyard which is a usual feature of a Moorish house. Besides the rooms, a passage is also dug, communicating with the outside world, and a door is built at the outer end.

Unanimity of Opinion.

"Mike," said Piddling Pete, "dis idea of recallin' judges sounds like a good 'ting to me."

"Sure, I'd like to be brought before a brand new judge every trip. He's more apt to be sympathetic."—Washington Star.

Set Apart For the Farmer

SAVING OF MANURE

Concrete Pits Are Recommended by Washington Experts.

DOUBLE THE FERTILITY VALUE

Kept in Waterproof Storage It Is Worth Twice as Much in Plant Food as if Unprotected—Cement Vat Conserves Most Valuable Part.

In a bulletin on "Concrete Construction on the Live Stock Farm" the United States department of agriculture says that some of the increased cost of living may be traced directly to the decreased producing power of the farm lands. This condition has been largely brought about by delivering the harvested crop direct to the market and returning nothing to the fields. The problem of restoring the soil to its former fertility, together with the advanced price of meats, makes it highly profitable for every farmer to raise a certain amount of live stock. The manure thus produced, properly cared for and distributed, returns to the cultivated land a large part of the fertility which the crop of grain removed. From the sale of his

EGGSHELL NOTES.

For sitting hens corn is a good ration. We like to give it to them on the ear. That makes them do a little manual labor, which is a good thing for them.

Don't forget that sitting hens must have drink. Set a basin of good pure water near the box every day.

Fill the grit box every week; softener if it gets low.

It takes grit in the box and grit in your backbone to win with poultry.

No matter how good stock you have, you cannot sell it unless you let folks know you have it. Stick up a shingle. Put an advertisement in the paper. Do something to call attention to what you are doing. More than one man has found success just by way of a newspaper advertisement.

When you have eggs enough for hatching purposes get the male birds out of the way. They are a nuisance. They worry the hens, and they fertilize the eggs, which makes them spoil sooner than they otherwise would.—American Cultivator.

DOING FARM WORK INDOORS.

Counts Sometimes For Just as Much as Labor in the Fields.

It is hard to estimate the value of the shop on the farm. It is the place where many hours are spent that otherwise might be thrown away or even worse than thrown away.

The room should be well lighted and of such size to accommodate a portable forge, two sets of trestles and a long workbench with two sides to it. On the joists overhead, says the Southwest Farmer, may be stored lumber for preparing the different parts of wagons, sleds, plows and harrows.

The shop should be at such a distance from the other buildings of the farm so as not to endanger them from sparks of the shop fire.

In our shop on rainy days during the fall we assort and clean onion sets, get out seed beans and peas and make our sauerkraut.

On days that are not fit for working outside a few new singletrees are made and ironed off and the broken clips mended on the old ones. A few gates are made each winter and set up and braced against one side of the shop so as not to warp or settle crooked.

If the gate stuff is thoroughly seasoned they are given a good coat of paint. If the material is sappy or green the gates are not painted until the next summer.

All shavings and chips made in the shop are carefully put in boxes and used as kindling for fires in the dwelling house.

The support for the workbench, which may be easily made of ordinary dry goods boxes, makes a nice place to keep the tools, nails and bolts. Set shallow boxes on top of each other until the required height is obtained.

The front end of each box should be taken off and a smaller box put in as a drawer. Bore holes around the room and put in pegs of wood to hang the tools on. These wooden pegs are better than nails. Mark the drawers for their contents in plain figures or letters, as the case might be.

Grinding Grain For Stock.

The Michigan experiment station concludes, as a rule, stock should be allowed to do their own grinding, as the saving in feed is taken up by the cost of grinding. However, in some cases grinding or soaking should be resorted to. Barley should not be fed whole and dry. Soy beans are preferably fed ground or soaked.

Exercise For the Brood Sow.

The good brood sow should have plenty of exercise right up to the time of farrowing. The best way to make certain that she will get this exercise is to have a green crop for her to graze and then feed her a little extra far enough from the pasture to compel her to take the exercise.—Farm Progress.

Loss of Good Material.

The Maryland experiment station exposed eighty tons of manure to the mercuries of the weather for a year, and it shrank to twenty-seven tons.

A LIST OF TILING DON'TS.

Getting Rid of Surplus Farm Moisture Pays Big Dividends.

Don't think that your tile has to have air in it to make the water run fast, for it doesn't.

Don't think that your ground washes too much to be tiled.

Don't wait until you have money in the bank to tile. Borrow it. It will pay you the largest interest of any investment you ever made.

Don't wait until you are ready to tile before you haul your tile.

Don't wait until you are ready to plow the ground to do your tiling.

Don't think that it costs money to tile. It is the best money maker you ever had on your farm.

Don't fail to figure how much money you have lost if ten acres of your corn out of forty fails to mature on account of wet ground.

Don't you ever think how much time and horseflesh you lose by trying to tend wet land?

Don't think that all you have to do is to dig a ditch and throw the tile into it.

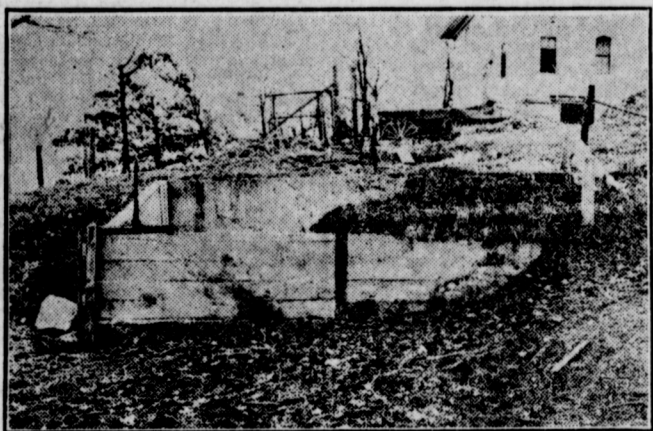
Don't think that your ground is too flat to tile.

Don't think your outlet is not good enough. Make it good.

Don't think that you have to have two or three inches of fall to the rod to make the water run.

Don't try to get a cheap job by hiring a cheap workman.

Don't think that you can raise a crop on low, wet ground next year because you did this year.—Success on the Farm.



CONCRETE MANURE PIT, BY WHICH ALL THE MANURE MAY BE SAVED.

live stock the farmer realizes a direct profit on his grain consumed and also through the use of the manure increases the fertility of his fields.

For maintaining or restoring the fertility of the fields there is nothing better than barnyard manure. By the ordinary methods of piling manure on the ground or storing it in wooden pens and boxes 30 to 50 per cent of its fertility is lost. This loss is brought about in two ways—first, by leaching or washing due to heavy rains; second, by fermentation or heating caused by lack of sufficient moisture. Since concrete pits are waterproof, manure may be kept in them as moist as may be necessary and such an enormous waste in the fertility of the manure may thus be entirely prevented. One load of manure from a concrete pit is worth one and a half to two loads of manure as usually stored. Moreover, with concrete pits the supply of manure is increased by all the liquid manure, the richest part, from the barn gutters and feeding floors.

The bulletin gives directions for building concrete pits of various sorts, with dimensions for shallow pits, deeper basins, such as the one shown in the illustration, dipping vats, feeding floors, etc.

Chickens Like Meat.

The observing poultry raiser cannot fail to note how eagerly young chicks seize any kind of a scrap of meat. They will pull and tug and tumble over each other in their eagerness to get a bit of flesh, either raw or cooked. This indicates the desire which nature has given them to supply their wants.—Farm Progress.

OPERATING ON A SNAKE.

Python's Jaw, Which Was Broken, Incased in Plaster of Paris.

Animal surgery becomes more common and more skillful year by year. A most difficult operation was recently performed at the Regent's park zoo in London by Professor Woodbridge. The patient, says the Central News, was a great python—the largest in captivity—that was presented to the gardener some thirteen years ago by Walter Rothschild.

The python fractured its jaw while making a hearty meal and, since it was impossible for the reptile to live long in such a condition, an immediate operation was decided upon. To set the broken bones in the jaws of the python, which measured nine yards, was a ticklish job, for the creature was capable of crushing to death any man coming within reach of its coils.

To avoid this danger advantage was taken of a moment when the python was asleep. Its tank was covered over with stout boards, and a gap was left no larger than would permit the passage of the head. When the python's head did appear through this aperture several men grasped it, and when the frantic writhings of the maddened reptile had ceased the operator placed the broken bones in position and bound the jaws securely with a long bandage smeared with plaster of Paris.

Over this another coating of plaster was placed, with due care to leave the

nostrils free. Seven weeks had to be allowed to elapse before any attempt was made to remove the wrappings to see whether the operation had been successful.

Although the python was, of course, not able to take food during that time, there was no occasion to fear starvation, for only ten days earlier a young goat furnished a meal for the patient, and he was hardly more than decently hungry when he was again able to exercise his powerful jaws.

Forgiveness.

My heart was heavy, for its trust had been abused. Its kindness answered with foul wrong.

So, turning gloomily from my fellow men, One summer Sabbath day I strolled among

The green mounds of the village burial place, Where, pondering how all human love and hate

Find one sad level, and how, soon or late, Wronged and wrongdoer, each with meek-ened face

And cold hands folded over a still heart, Pass the green threshold of our common grave.

Whither all footsteps tend, whence none depart, Awe for myself and pitying my race, Our common sorrow, like a mighty wave, Swept all my pride away, and, trembling, I forgave!

—Whittier.

Come to Think of It.

The traditional fool and his money are lucky ever to have got together in the first place.—Luck.

Fighting For the Possession Of a Knife In Calcutta Harbor

By J. JOYCE JUDSON

WE were lying in the harbor of Calcutta. Every man had gone ashore to a dance, while I was left to watch the ship. There is no region in the world where thieves are more expert and merciless than in India unless it be China, and it was necessary for me to keep a sharp lookout for natives who might swim out and come aboard to murder and steal.

The moon was half full and occasionally covered by fleecy clouds. I had on my pajamas and was sitting in a long wicker chair that admitted of reclining. About once an hour I would get up and walk the decks from stern to stern. This was to make sure that no one was lurking about, but more especially to keep from going to sleep.

About 2 o'clock in the morning I was dozing in the chair, occasionally opening my eyes drowsily. At one of these intervals of semiconsciousness I was looking at the shimmer of the moon on the water when across the belt of light I saw a slowly moving dark spot. I was too far gone toward slumber to more than notice it. Indeed, I did not even wonder what it was. The next time I opened my eyes this same black spot was a silhouette, apparently resting on the gunwale, the size of a man's head. Slowly, stealthily, a pair of shoulders appeared, then a whole naked body, but it was not till it lit on the deck with the noiseless spring of a cat that I was fully aroused.

One reason for my being left aboard to do guard duty alone was that I was a very powerful man. Indeed, I was accounted a bundle of iron muscles. Seeing that my adversary was naked and that if we came to close quarters this would give him a great advantage over me, I slipped off my pajamas and stood uncovered in my shoes. On seeing me the native hesitated a moment and cast a quick look at the water, doubtless wondering whether he would better plunge into it and swim away or come for me. He decided upon the latter and with the rapidity of lightning came within a few feet of me, a long, thin knife glittering above him in the moonlight. It was lucky I saw that flash. When the knife came down I was not where I had been the moment before, and in another second I had grasped my man's wrist and brought the knuckles of my other hand down on his clenched fist, and the knife rattled on the deck. The wrist I held was oiled, and he easily twisted it from my grasp. I shoved him backward, and when he jumped for me again one of my feet was planted on the weapon.

The question between us was which should possess the knife. If he could get it he would certainly end my career. If he did not get it he must run, and I would pick it up and might

drive it into his back before he could leap over the gunwale. He was of a lighter weight than I, but much more agile, and my only chance was to hold my ground by sheer strength. He sprang into the air and came down and toward me from above. I was not staggered, but when I seized his body to hold him or throw him from me I found that every part was oiled. He wriggled from my grasp and, falling at my feet, seized both my legs with a view to lifting me off my feet and the knife. Indeed, so quick was he that I had barely time to stoop and get a grip on his throat, and, though I could not hold it long for the oil, while I did hold it I paralyzed him sufficiently to prevent his getting me off my pins.

Then he drew off and circled about me rapidly, I turning at the same time on the foot planted on the knife, hopping around with the other. He kept this up, hoping to make me dizzy or to tire me out, or both, but a sailor has a head beyond the first weakness, and there was no fear of my giving out in strength. Indeed the man's endurance was put to a severer test than mine, for, though mine was a difficult motion, the distance he passed over was many times greater, and he ran so fast that it was hard on his breath.

Then he determined to close in on me. It was fortunate that I had thrown off my pajamas, for had I not he could have got a grip on them which might have enabled him to sway me till I lost my balance. Having to keep my foot on the knife was a great detriment in preventing him from closing with me, and this was the only time in the struggle that I left the weapon uncovered. For an instant while he sprang at my side I was obliged to shift my position and remove my foot.

Before I could put it back on the knife he had slipped through my arms and got his fingers on it. It was fortunate that I had on my shoes. I brought the sole of one down on his fist. Though I heard the bones crack under the blow, he did not cry out. Wrenching his hand away, the knife was left again beneath my foot.

I began to feel that sooner or later the slippery eel would get what he was after. Then it occurred to me to resort to stratagem. Daring a glance past him, I shouted, "Pull, boys!" He knew enough English to understand and, believing that I saw a boat coming, turned and ran like a deer to the ship's side.

Catching up the knife, I followed and as he vaulted over the gunwale grasped an ankle. Head downward he struggled, I endeavoring to hold him and get within reach of a vital part, but the oiled skin prevented me. Slipping away from me, he fell head foremost into the water and when he arose was some distance from the ship.

YEAR WITHOUT A SUMMER.

Snow and Ice at Unseasonable Time a Weather Freak of 1816.

The year 1816 was known throughout the United States and Europe as the coldest ever experienced by any person then living, says the Danbury News. There are persons in northern New York who have been in the habit of keeping diaries for years, and it is from the pages of an old diary begun in 1810 and kept unbroken until 1840 that the following information regarding this year without a summer has been taken:

January was so mild that most persons allowed their fires to go out. February was not cold. March came in like a small lion and went out like a very innocent sheep.

April came in warm, but as the days grew longer the air became colder, and by the 1st of May there was a temperature like that of winter, with plenty of snow and ice. In May the young buds were frozen dead, ice formed half an inch thick on ponds and rivers, corn was killed and the fields were planted again and again until it became too late to raise a crop. When the last of May arrived everything had been killed by the cold.

June was the coldest month roses ever experienced in this latitude. Frost and ice were as common as buttercups usually are. Almost every green thing was killed. All fruit was destroyed. Snow fell ten inches deep in Vermont. There was a seven inch fall in the interior of New York state and the same in Massachusetts.

All summer long the wind blew steadily from the north in blasts, laden with snow and ice. Mothers knit socks of double thickness for their children and made thick mittens. Planting and shivering were done together, and the farmers who worked out their taxes on the country roads wore overcoats and mittens.

On the Fourth of July ice as thick as window glass formed throughout New England, New York and in some parts of Pennsylvania.

A PRIMITIVE PEOPLE.

Strange Tribe Found in the Interior Forests of Sumatra.

A people without any form of religion, without superstition, devoid of any thought of the future state, has been found in the interior forests of Sumatra, according to Dr. Wilhelm Vaze, the geologist of the University of Breslau, who has made extensive journeys through the island, says the London Globe. There he found the Kubus, as he named them, who are scarcely to be distinguished from the small man-like ape of the Indo-Malayan countries.

They are wanderers through the forest, seeking food; they have no property. They are not hunters, but simply collectors. They seek merely sufficient nuts, fruits and other edible growths to keep them alive.

The Kubus wage very little warfare upon the small amount of animal life in their silent and somber land. The only notion Professor Vaze could get from them of a difference between a live and a dead person was that the dead do not breathe. He infers that they are immeasurably inferior to the paleolithic man of Europe, who fashioned tools and hunted big game with his flint tipped arrow and knife. Intellectual atrophy is the result of the Kubus' environment. The words they know are almost as few as the ideas they try to express.

COLOR OF BALLOONS.

Various Shades Have Different Degrees of Durability.

Those who have had experience with making and using balloons have come to find that balloons of certain colors are more durable than those of other colors. No explanation for this difference has heretofore been offered, according to the New York Globe.

But now a French physicist has solved the mystery in the course of some experiments with the effect of light upon india rubber. Ordinarily light has no effect whatever upon caoutchouc, but ultraviolet rays, those invisible rays from the sun that are found beyond the violet end of the spectrum, have a decided disintegrating effect upon this substance. When a balloon gets up into the sky it is struck by all sorts of rays, and the ultra violet rays begin to decompose the rubber as soon as they strike it. But if the balloon has a blue covering more of these rays will reach the rubber than if it has a green covering, and if a yellow or red cover is used practically all of the ultra violet rays will be absorbed and thus the life of the balloon will be prolonged. Thus the gay red and yellow balloons are not only more attractive to the crowd that watches them, but are also more durable than the blue balloons.

Bacteria and Gum.

There have been reported to the Royal Society of New South Wales the results of an investigation of the curious role played by bacteria in the formation of various vegetable gums. The action of the bacteria appears to be more complex than might have been supposed. There are, for instance, two kinds of gum arabic—one soluble in water, the other insoluble, and the investigations of the New South Wales experts show that they are produced by two distinct kinds of bacteria. By the cultivation of suitable species of bacteria it is possible to augment the production of gum by certain trees. Under ordinary circumstances some species of gum making bacteria live and multiply without the production of an appreciable amount of gum, but the product is markedly increased by furnishing tannin to the micro-organisms.

In the Cloud's Silver Lining

Charity and Integrity.

Gerald—Why won't you let me kiss you tonight, as usual?
Geraldine—I am to sell kisses at the church fair next week, and I have agreed not to cheapen the goods by giving away samples in advance.—Exchange.

An Ingenious Plea.

"Will you please help an old survivor, mum?"
"An old survivor of what?"
"Of the winter of 1912, mum."—Boston Transcript.

Liked by Himself.



"Is he a popular fellow?"
"Well, he is quite a favorite with himself."

The One Exception.

"And about the campaign fund?"
"We won't permit ourselves to take any chances," replied Senator Sorghum. "The only fund we'll let them catch us with is a fund of valuable information."—Washington Star.

Well Done.

Browne—There's lots of food for thought in this magazine story. Greene—Full of meat, eh? Browne—No; it's a serial.—Judge.

Enjoying His Meal.



Confidence.

"So you think you would improve the ballot?"
"We couldn't help improving it," replied young Mrs. Torkins. "I have seen pictures of a lot of ballots and the decorations on them were simply atrocious."

But Not Quite Sure!

"Your sons seem very devoted to you."
"Yes," replied Mr. Biggins. "sometimes I think the boys admire and respect me almost as much as if I were a celebrated baseball player."—Washington Star.

Hard Luck.



Mosquito—This is what I call hard luck. I have bared through this in seventeen places, and there isn't a man inside after all.

She Really Couldn't Say.

"Does your husband know anything about baseball?" "Really, I don't know. He talks a great deal about it, but his remarks seem incoherent to me."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Extent of Interest.

"Were you much upset by the bank failure?" "Yes; I lost my balance."—Satire.

Entered as Second Class Matter Jan. 12, 1912, at the postoffice at Salyersville, Ky., under the act of March 3, 1879.

TERMS.

\$1.00 a year in advance.
.55 six months.
.30 three months.
.10 one month.

Advertising Rates.

10 cents per inch.
First page ads twelve and one-half cents per inch.
Locals 10 cents per line for first insertion. 5 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

Resolutions and funeral notices 5 cents per line.

Resolutions, Cards of Thanks and Obituaries. 5c per line.

Announcements for County offices, \$5.00 cash in advance.
District announcements, \$10.00

S. S. ELAM, Editor.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

For Appellate Judge.

The Mountaineer is authorized to announce

JUDGE ANDREW J. KIRK, of Paintsville, Johnson county, as a candidate for Judge of the Court of Appeals in this the 7th Appellate District subject to the action of the Republican primary August 3, 1912. This office has never been held by a mountain man. Montgomery county has held this office for over forty-six years. Judge Kirk is well qualified to fill the place, having served as Judge of the 24th Judicial District for two terms, being elected the last time without opposition in the primary or general election. He is a deserving Republican, well qualified to fill the office, is a mountain man and we ask that you give his candidacy due consideration.
THE PRIMARY IS SATURDAY AUGUST 3, 1912.

We are authorized to announce
FRANK BLAIR,

of Salyersville, as a candidate for the nomination for clerk of Magoffin county, subject to the action of the Republican party.

We are authorized to announce
L. C. BAILEY,

of Falcon, as a candidate for the office of County Judge of Magoffin county, subject to the action of the Republican party.

We are authorized to announce
LOUIS MARSHALL,

of Salyersville as a candidate for the nomination for sheriff of Magoffin county subject to the action of the Republican party.

We are authorized to announce
J. J. PACE,

of Conley, as a candidate for the office of Sheriff of Magoffin county, subject to the action of the Republican party.

We are authorized to announce
PROCTOR PACE,

of Salyersville, as a candidate for the office of Jailor of Magoffin county, subject to the action of the Republican party.

We are authorized to announce
W. J. PATRICK,

of Salyersville, as a candidate for the office of County Judge of Magoffin county, subject to the action of the Republican party.

We are authorized to announce
DOC G. HOWARD

as a candidate for the office of Judge of Magoffin county, subject to the action of the Republican party.

FOR PRESIDENT.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, of New York.

EDITORIAL.

"Honesty is the best policy" in politics as well as business.

THE MOUNTAINEER.

Are you pleased with it since we have improved it? Many say they are. Let us hear what you say. Now if you are pleased with it don't fail to INSIST on your neighbor's subscribing for it.

To maintain an eight page paper means that we must spend from one hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars more each year. Now if we spend this much more than we have been spending we must have more subscribers. Then we will get a better price for advertising.

Improving a newspaper is exactly like improving anything else—it costs something to do it.

There are several hundred people in our county who would subscribe if we could see them and tell them about the Mountaineer. We do not have time to do this, so we are asking EVERY reader of our paper, including the boys and girls, and the men and women, to insist upon their neighbor taking the Mountaineer.

If you will do this we shall be enabled to give you an eight page paper, otherwise we cannot give you but four. Now, here's three cheers for the friends of the Mountaineer, one for the boys, one for the girls and one for older folks. May we all work, talk and co-operate together that Magoffin may maintain one of the best newspapers in the mountains of Kentucky.

The Mountaineer's Policy. has been the subject of many remarks the past few months. We believe that we are doing our duty, otherwise we would get on no ones "toes." The truth often hurts. Many people strive to have the truth kept in the dark. Many such people are enemies of the Mountaineer and accuse the Mountaineer of being untrue.

The Mountaineer stands for fairness in politics and hurts some people. It's creed is not to be run by the Republican party or by the Democratic party. The party bosses do not like this. We stand for churches, schools and political parties when they are right; against them when they are wrong.

We stand against the lawless whether they be citizens of Salyersville or some man from the country.

Some of the citizens of Salyersville think that we should boost Salyersville at the expense of the country. They think "right or wrong Salyersville should be boosted." Others think right or wrong everything should be boosted by the paper. We think a little reforming would be a good thing along with this boosting.

Some several people are against the Mountaineer because it makes public many things that the public wants to know and that can be made public in no other way except through a county newspaper.

One of our latest accusers seems to think, or at least tries to persuade some of the people to think, that the Mountaineer is responsible for the delinquent list. We can prove that we published the delinquent list, without anything added to or anything subtracted from. If any man tells any citizen anything different he should ask a little proof.

Since we are making a success with the Mountaineer many people are saying, "We do not need a county paper. We can live as our fathers and grandfathers did—without a paper."

"We do not want to progress, We want to either stand still or go backward." This is the view that some people take of the Mountaineer, but the Mountaineer plods on, striving to work for the people by informing them of some of the things that

they have a right to know.

We ask all men of all parties and all churches to aid us in our work. If you believe in our work don't fail to renew when your subscription is out, and try to deal with our advertisers that they may continue their advertising. In this way you will aid the Mountaineer and be enabled to keep informed on the issues of your county.

DON'T BLAME US.

We have been "talked about" for printing several items of news about people who live here, or have lived here that "brought disgrace upon other members of the family." We did not bring the disgrace. If the father, mother, sister or brother had conducted themselves in the proper manner we would not have been able to print those "disagreeable articles." Do not blame us for the misdeeds of you friends or relatives. We are here to print the news and we are going to do it—when it is fair. You and your friends should keep your fingers where they belong if you do not want them pinched. If you think what we publish is not true we invite you to make us prove it, but if you don't want us to publish your misdeeds, quit your meanness. It is the duty of every decent paper to make an effort to improve the morals of the community in which it is published. Some have one way of doing this and some another. We believe in publicity.—Hazel Gr'n Herald.

COURT NEWS.

Judge Gardner States That 14 Government Licenses are Held in the County.

GRAND JURY MUST INVESTIGATE.

In his instructions to the grand jury Monday morning Judge D. W. Gardner stated that this was two courts in succession that he had convened in Magoffin county since there had been a homicide. Notwithstanding this fact the county was in a deplorable condition said Judge Gardner.

The liquor traffic caused the greater portion of the lawlessness he said. "This is a local option county," said Judge Gardner, "yet we have fourteen government licenses in this county. We have them right here in Salyersville. This is a greater number of government licenses that has been here in the history of the county." He then warned the sheriffs that they must do their duty.

He said that it was the duty of the grand jury to find out why the County Judge and Justices of the Peace and the officers of Salyersville had not done something against this illicit sale of liquor. He read the following to the grand jury from last week's issue of the Mountaineer:

"Quite a lot of boys were taken before our Squire Monday, charged with drunkenness, and when Cole found that one of his sons was the rat who had been retailing he immediately discharged them saying you are not guilty."

The grand jury must investigate this case and ascertain whether the Mountaineer or Squire Cole was in fault. He failed to state, however, that this news was sent in and signed by our Ivyton correspondent.

Following is a list of the jurors who will serve this term:

Grand Jury.

Sam Stephens, Foreman,
Dee May, (Uncle Sam's Dee)
Smith Patrick,
French Arnett,
Butler Vanderpool,
Nelson Hensley,
Lewis Fairchilds,
Jeff Gullett,
Smith Brown,
Hansom Rowe,
John D. Bays,
Buel P. Simer,
Bruce Arnett, taking place of



Something Different from Ordinary Footwear

Come by and let us sell you a shoe, the looks of which will attract admiration—the wear of which will induce satisfaction. We can give you something distinctive in a nobby, stylish, comfortable shoe from our immense line of

LONG WEAR SHOES

LONG WEAR SHOES wear longer than other shoes, fit better and are more comfortable and, best of all, cost you less. We can sell you a pair of these shoes from \$2.00 to \$5.00 and can give you a tan, patent leather, gun metal or vici, in heavy or light weights. Get a pair and your foot troubles cease.

E. B. ARNETT,
Quality Store.



Dee May, who was sick on Tuesday.

Petit Jury.

Benton Whitaker,
Ely Allen,
James A. Howard, Sr.,
John B. Millard,
Howard Johnson,
Brad Walters,
Roe Penix,
Ben Ward,
Bud Patrick,
Sidney Arnett,
Lon Cooper,
Neal Montgomery,
John Joseph,
Cap Stanley,
Charley Howard,
Manford Collins,
A. H. Caudill,
Emmett Power,
Taylor Prater,
Milton Rice,
John Blanton,
Jilson Adams,
Thomas Prater, (Johnny's son)
Farmer Holliday,
Robert Burton.

The grand jury reported 26 indictments to Thursday noon.

George Carpenter, John D. Power and Jack Howard are the jury commissioners who selected the present juries.

Mrs. E. L. Stephens and Miss Elizabeth May are attending the commencement exercises of Berea College this week.

LICKING VALLEY COURIER.

A Lusty Youngster Turning Two.

Its politics "Progressive Democracy."

Its religion "The Golden Rule."

Has ideas of its own and plenty of words to express them. Strikes straight from the shoulder with either hand. Caters to no whims nor idiosyncrasys. Something crisp and catchy on the editorial page each week.

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H. G. COTTLE, Editor. West Liberty, Ky.

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Circuit Court: First Monday in February, June and October. D. W. Gardner, Judge; W. H. May, Com'th Attorney; A. H. Adams, Clerk; J. G. Arnett, Trustee of Jury Fund; W. P. Carpenter, Master Commissioner.
County Court: On Fourth Monday in each month.
Quarterly Court: Tuesday and Wednesday after Fourth Monday in each month.
Fiscal Court: Tuesday after First Monday in April and October.

R. C. Salyer,
Presiding Judge.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Judge—R. C. Salyer.
Attorney—W. R. Prater.
Sheriff—Robert Reed.
Treasurer—B. W. Higgins.
Circuit Clerk—A. H. Adams.
County Clerk—F. C. Lacy.
Supt. Schools—Martha B. Arnett.
Jailor—Henry Brown.
Assessor—Willie Keeton.
Coroner—Dr. W. C. Connelley.
Surveyor—C. C. Craft.
Fish and Game Warden—Dr. R. C. Adams.

MAGISTRATE'S COURT.

First District—Shepherd Cole, 1st Monday in each month at Salyersville, on Tuesday following at Middle Fork.
Second District—L. C. Bailey, 1st Saturday in each month.
Third District—Sunny Vanover, 2nd Monday of each month.
Fourth District—Ira C. Bailey, Tuesday after 2nd Monday in each month.
Fifth District—Wallace Cole, 3rd Monday in each month.

Salyersville Police Court—Sec'd Monday in each month, James Prater, Judge.
S. H. Mann, Town Marshal.
Town Trustee—E. B. Arnett, Chairman.
W. J. Patrick, Dr. E. H. Atkinson, Fred Prater and W. A. Hazelrigg.

LODGE DIRECTORY.

F. & A. M. Friday night on or before full moon in each month.
I. O. O. F. Every Saturday night.
K. O. T. M. Second and fourth Monday nights of each month.
I. O. R. M. First and third Thursday nights of each month.

CHURCH BELLS.

United Baptists, First Saturday and following Sunday of each month. Jno. R. Caudill, pastor.

Missionary Baptist, Sunday School at 9:30 a. m., preaching at 11 o'clock at Magoffin Institute. Prayer meeting on every Wednesday night. H. L. S. Toomer, pastor, A. C. Harlow, Supt. S. S.

M. E. Church, Sunday School at 9:00 o'clock, preaching on 2nd Sunday at 11 o'clock and every Sunday night of each month. E. H. Atkeson, Supt. of S. S.

Union Sunday School every Sunday morning at 9:1 at the School House. E. B. Arnett, Supt.

County Board of Education.
Morton Salyer, Division 1.

Burnett Howard, .. 2.
W. S. Wheeler, .. 3.
Scott Howard, .. 4.
B. S. Patrick, .. 5.
Bruce Stephens, .. 6.
Martha Arnett Smith, Superintendent, Chairman ex-officio.

Republican Committee.

The following were selected as Committeemen for Magoffin county last Saturday:
Floyd Bailey, Salyersville.
J. W. Wheeler, Flat Fork.
Willie Caudill, State Road.
Lloyd Adams, Ivyton.
Lee Patrick, Meadows.
Franklin Patton, Lakeville.
John M. Dunn, Middle Fork.
Lee Bays, Bloomington.

There was no meetings held in 4 precincts.

If you die, get married, leave the county, get sick or do anything that is of interest to the public call us up, PHONE 21, or write us.

LOCAL NEWS.

Bring us potatoes, peas and other vegetables on subscription.

Five cents buys 25 sheets of typewriter paper at the Mountaineer office.

Miss Easter Lykins, who has a professional nurse at Louisville, is visiting home folks here.

Mrs. W. ... who has been on the sick list for a few days, is able to be out again.

If you want fresh fruit, ice cream or groceries see Alonzo Keeton, the Corner Groceryman.

We can save you money on typewriter paper and stationery of all kinds. Call at the Mountaineer office and get prices.

Since we have enlarged our paper our paper bill amounts to from three to four dollars per week more than it did before enlarging.

Be at this in mind when you ask your neighbor to subscribe.

The following visiting attorneys are attending court here this week: John W. Coffee, of Logville, A. N. Cisco and W. M. Gardner, of West Liberty, W. W. McGuire and Calloway Howard, of Jackson, and Richard Cooper, of Pikeville.

Gas in Sight.

The Burning Fork Developing Co., bid off the franchise Wednesday to put natural gas in the town of Salyersville within five months for the consideration of seven lights. Mr. Moore says they will have the gas in Salyersville inside of sixty days.

Judge Gardner, while talking to some friends on one of the board sidewalks Wednesday morning suddenly went down as one of the 4 inch narrow boards gave way. Now if Judge Gardner, who has been intimately acquainted with these sidewalks for years, meets with such accidents what may we expect of a stranger?

Mary had a little lamb, its fleece was white as snow; it strayed away one day where lambs should never go. And Mary sot her quickly down and tears streamed from her eyes; she never found the lamb because she did not advertise. And Mary had a brother John who kept a village store; he sat him down and smoked a pipe, and watched the open door. And as the people passed along and did not stop to buy, John still sat and smoked his pipe and blinked his sleepy eye. And so the sheriff closed him out, but still he lingered near, and Mary came to drop with him a sympathetic tear. How is it sister, can you tell, why other merchants here sell all their goods so readily and thrive from year to year? Remembering her own bad luck the little maiden replies: "These other fellows get there John, because they advertise."—Ex.

JUDGE ANDREW J. KIRK, FOR APPELLATE JUDGE

A MOUNTAIN MAN



JUDGE ANDREW J. KIRK.

A. J. Kirk, Republican candidate for nomination subject to the August primary election, for Judge of the Court of Appeals, to succeed Judge Ed C. O'Rear, from this, the Seventh Appellate district of Kentucky.

Judge Kirk graduated from the Northern Indiana Law School in 1889, with honors. Served one term as Commonwealth's Attorney under Judge Auxler, in the old Twenty-fourth Judicial district and was elected Circuit Judge at the expiration of his term as Commonwealth's Attorney. He was re-elected Circuit Judge in this district, without opposition. He is a son of an old soldier, his father having been a captain in the Civil War, on the Union side.

In every position in which Judge Kirk has ever served the people, he has discharged his duties in a manner which has unquestionably given him rank as one of the ablest lawyers and jurists in the Commonwealth. In the nine years he has been upon the Circuit bench he has tried eighty-four murder cases, and has not been reversed in a single case by the Court of Appeals. In the trial of cases affecting the land titles, he has had a wide and varied experience. He is one of the first judges in the State to pass upon the famous Virginia Land Grant cases, which went from Pike county to the Court of Appeals, and was affirmed there, and then appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States and affirmed by that Court, thus making him a pioneer in the difficult task of removing the clouds that have hung menacingly over the homes of thousands of people in Eastern Kentucky for nearly a century.

The mountain people of Kentucky have never been represented on the Appellate bench by a judge chosen from among the mountain people.

Judge Kirk was born and reared in the mountains and he thoroughly understands the needs of this section of the State and the people of this district can make no mistake by giving him this nomination. He comes from one of the pioneer families, and his location makes him the logical candidate for the office, and he should receive the nomination.

One county in this district has held this office for forty years. We ask you to go to the polls and vote in the primary, Saturday, August 3, and give Judge Kirk's candidacy due consideration.

Read what the newspapers have to say of Judge Kirk and his candidacy: (The Pikeville Herald.)

We have just received the announcement of Judge A. J. Kirk as a candidate for Judge of the Appellate Court of Kentucky and particularly invite your attention thereto.

Being born and bred in the mountains of Kentucky, we are peculiarly sensitive to the interests of a mountain man. Having spent four years in the blue grass at an impressionable age, we appreciate more fully how the mountain section has been discriminated against; how mediocre men in that section have been elevated to positions beyond their merit, while men of extraordinary talent, far above mediocrity, in this section, have been hoodwinked as to their possibilities; have been blinded to their interests,

merit going to waste, talent rusting for lack of use, flowers of chivalry born to blush unseen. Such was the case with Langley, until with the courage of a Grecian stole, he forced himself into the halls of success. And so long as such mountain men as these lie supinely down, lured to sleep by flatteries, or frightened by the dread of stubborn contest, so long will men of other sections reap the harvest and carry away the fruit which is justly ours, both from the intellectual and geographical standpoint.

Judge Kirk is pre-eminently a mountain man, the most intellectual man from a family of men noted for their intellectuality. He was first elected county attorney of this county, and so well pleased were his constituents with his administration that he shortly afterwards was nominated by his party as commonwealth's attorney of this judicial district, composed then of five counties. Following along the path of success he was nominated and elected circuit judge of his district, and afterwards renominated and re-elected, a portion of the last term is yet unexpired.

During his terms in office his district has been slashed by Democratic legislation and plundered by selfish politicians, yet he has stood fairly and squarely by his party, neither giving nor asking quarter, yet no decision of his nor official act has ever been darkened by the thought of political supremacy, or biased by malice or envy. He has done his duty, his whole duty, though painful at times, fearlessly and unflinchingly. No man has a greater regard for his friends nor can look upon his enemies, political or otherwise, with more sympathetic generosity.

Many the time during his political life has justice decreed, and the hammer of the law fell, incarcerating some friend, and while despising the crime, his big heart was wrung with sympathy for the criminal. With a courage which could not fail and a sense of justice which could not be turned aside, he "hewed to the line, letting the chips fall where they might." Judge Kirk's work in this district, and especially in Pike county, has been such that men generally have a more wholesome respect for law, and her people have made rapid advancement in the scale of civilization. If Judge Kirk has an enemy in Pike county it must of necessity spring from some one who has justly paid the penalty for his own misdeeds or has tried and failed to foil the ends of justice. Of course every crime is justified in the eyes of the criminal—"when self the wavering balance shakes, 'tis rarely right adjusted."

Pike county may well mourn the loss of Judge Kirk on the bench. He has held to an ideal and has set no dangerous precedent. He goes with the gratitude and best wishes of the law-abiding element of Pike county, and this Appellate district may go further and fare worse if Judge Kirk is not unanimously accepted as the logical candidate. The people of Pike county know that Judge Kirk has done his duty in an able and efficient manner, and it is with regret we release the bonds of official friendship, sincerely hoping that his next step potentially will be higher in the judiciary. If elected he will be an honor to the mountain section of Kentucky, an honor to Pike county, and ought and will receive the united support of her 3,500 Republicans.

ALONZO KEETON, The Corner Groceryman.

Home of Good Thing to Eat. Phone No. 18.
Our Prices Always Leave a Little Over For Other Things.
We keep FRESH Baker's Bread and FRESH Fruits.
SODA FOUNTAIN AND ICE CREAM IN CONNECTION.
We guarantee a square deal to all.

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THE SALYERSVILLE NATIONAL BANK,

Salyersville, Kentucky.

CAPITAL, \$ 25,000.00
SURPLUS, 9,000.00
UNDIVIDED PROFITS, 1,500.00
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PURE DRUGS FOR
PRESCRIPTIONS.

SALYERSVILLE. KY.

Mrs. W. M. Gardner and children, of West Liberty, who have been visiting relatives here for several days, returned home yesterday.

Poor house Farm Wanted.

The Fiscal Court desires to purchase a poor house farm. Call on or address Judge Salyer or any of the Justices of the peace.

OUR ROADS.

Some say that they are bad and as we have not seen them all we can not dispute it. In fact we are inclined to believe it, since Judge Salyer has asked us to notify the overseers to work their roads. We made this request for him last court but failed to see that it accomplished anything.

We told Judge Salyer, today that if it is right for the county to pay for having the mud holes filled up near town, that it was just as fair to have the county pay for repairing the mud holes over the rest of the county, as it is done with the people's money.

LOTS! LOTS!! LOTS!!!

LOTS OF LOTS.
Lots that are low,
Lots that are high,
Lots that are wet,
Lots that are dry.
Lots close to the Court House,
Lots close to Magoffin Institute.

If you want to buy or sell any of the above call on S. S. Elam.

SALYERSVILLE BOOSTERS.

If you must be operated on go to Kash's Sanitarium.

If you need an attorney or a physician see our professional column.

If you have money deposit it in the Salyersville National Bank.

If you get hungry go to the Prater House.

If you have the "toofake" see Dr. E. H. Atkinson.

If you want an insurance policy or a newspaper call on the MOUNTAINEER.

If you want to leave Kentucky let us know. We'll send you to Florida.

FARMERS, DO YOU WANT TO BET- TER YOUR CIRCUMSTAN- CES?

Do you want better grass seed?

Do you want cheaper goods?

Do you want to co-operate with other farmers to benefit himself and yourself?

Did you ever stop to think the many ways in which you could be benefitted by co-operating with your fellow farmer?

If you believe that "In union there is strength" then you should help us form an organization in your community.

Yours,
CECIL PERKINS and
H. B. FRANKLIN,
Organizers.

IF You

Have a farm,
timbered or min-
eral lands, or town lots for
sale or exchange,

WE

shall be glad to list your
property and sell it, or

ADVERTISE IT FREE
of charge. Call on or ad-
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S. S. ELAM,
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Mountaineer \$1 a year.



SUCH A LITTLE QUEEN

Novelized by **FREDERICK R. TOOMBS**
From Channing Pollock's Great Play of
the Same Name

Copyright, 1909, by Channing Pollock

PROLOGUE OF THE STORY.

Myra, commander of the Bosnian army, starts a revolution against the kingdoms of Bosnia and Herzegovina. The young queen, Anna Victoria, ruler of the latter country, although beloved by her people, is forced to resort to flight. She is accompanied by the prime minister, Baron Cosaca, court chamberlain and trusty confidant of her late father, the king. After difficulties they reach Grabovica, a friendly city, and hear of Myra's successes. They journey to Austria, arriving at the seaport town of Trieste. The queen, childishly insistent, commands that they take the next steamer to America.

The Queen and the American.

A NNA VICTORIA of Herzegovina proved an unusually able sailor for a young woman who prior to this voyage to America had never seen a stretch of water larger than that in the basin of Mostar's public square. Every day she appeared on deck, and she found huge enjoyment and genuine inspiration in the constantly changing panorama of land and sea.

The Baron Cosaca was constantly at her side, but he had an annoying habit of falling asleep in his steamer chair and dozing off into a snore that disturbed the train of the young queen's thought. Too tender to awaken her adoring old prime minister, Anna Victoria at such times arose from her own comfortable chair and walked the saloon deck. She had, in fact, developed a fondness for walks along the decks, and several times during the first three days of the voyage, while promouncing with the baron, as well as without him, she had not failed to notice that one of her fellow passengers, a young man of a nationality she could not identify, appeared to be especially attracted by her. Later, when she heard him referred to as an American, her interest was immediately quickened, for as yet she had never met a citizen of the country of which she had heard so much and to which her caprice had directed her, although she had learned to speak the language perfectly from one of her tutors, an Englishwoman.

Anna Victoria really desired to become acquainted with her admirer, but a life's training had demonstrated to her the impossibility of ever meeting him. People who desired to meet her in Mostar were compelled to wait days and sometimes weeks and then were granted formal audiences.

Truth to tell, by the time of the passage of the Emperor Heinrich through the strait of Gibraltar her royal highness was very lonely. She craved companionship of a more congenial sort than that of her prime minister, who found more comfort in sucking surreptitiously on a lemon, especially in rough weather, than in any other form of exercise. And who shall say that it was not the inevitable that happened when during the bright, sunny morning that the steamer hove in sight of the azure hued islands of the Azores the young American stepped to the rail and stood beside the fugitive sovereign from the Balkans? Anna Victoria's pulse throbbed tremulously.

"Wow, look at the whale!" the American suddenly cried, with a vigor that put an end to the mental romancing of the queen. She gave a start, and as she turned to look for the whale her eyes met those of her fellow voyager. He smiled and raised his hat. Anna Victoria, queen of the Herzegovinians, was amazed at the assurance of the American. She wondered who he was and what he was, and she knew that she should resent his action, but deep down in her heart she rather liked him. She paused irresolutely, and, hardly realizing what she was doing, she smiled in return.

Such was the beginning of a friendship and, so far as one of them at least was concerned, a love story that would live as long as life would last.

The personality of Robert Trainor presented a complex problem to the girl queen, who for the first time in her life was seeing a little fragment of the world. As their acquaintance progressed during the days following their meeting she observed radical differences between the American and the men with whom she had come in contact in her own land. The American did not act very much like a king, nor did he look like a king, but he had a faculty of doing things. Obstacles did not seem to worry him at all or to cloud either his optimism or his keen sense of humor. She found him infinitely more effective than the baron under circumstances that demanded determination and quick thinking, as witness the evening when the diamond eyed serpent wristband, presented to her by the crown prince of Montenegro, was missing.

By the time the baron had decided what he would do Trainor had already recovered the gem from a dishonest stewardess.

Trainor evinced a directness of thought, speech and action which Anna Victoria thought would prove him admirably qualified to be a commander of troops. Instead of that, however, he was in trade, he told her, a revelation that shocked her considerably. If he were in trade, she pondered, how could he be a gentleman? Surely no person in Herzegovina of social position of any importance could hold his standing if he were forced to carry on

a business to gain an income. The baron enlightened her somewhat when he exclaimed that in America it was the national custom and a very vulgar one, too, for men of the highest classes, as well as those of the lowest, to work, and she marveled greatly at the social system which permitted such an absurdity to exist.

Robert Trainor was general manager for Laumann & Sons, the big Chicago beef packers, he told his new found friend. Their main offices were in Chicago, but they had a contracting office in New York, where Trainor was in charge. He had been abroad to obtain a big contract from the Turkish government and was now returning after accomplishing his mission.

Anna Victoria was interested in Trainor's story. She was beginning to believe that being in trade did not make a person any the less a gentleman after all.

"Oh, if I had only known you a month ago I would have been so glad!" she cried laughingly. "I would have given you a contract from my army."

"Your army?" ejaculated Trainor.

"Your army! What do you mean?"

Anna Victoria saw that she had gone too far. She had never broken the pledge of secrecy as to her identity that the baron had exacted from her. The baron had convinced her that complications might arise if it became generally known who she was.

"Oh, I was merely joking!" she said. "I meant to ask you if Laumann & Sons supply meat for the kingdom of Herzegovina."

Trainor looked at her sharply.

"No," he replied sententiously, "we only deal wholesale."

In the smoking cabin that night, the last but one before landing, Trainor took occasion to ponder thoughtfully



"Your army!" ejaculated Trainor.

"Your army! What do you mean?"

over the remark Fraulein Victoria had made regarding "my army." He was certain that the words had been let slip carelessly and that there was really something very mysterious about the couple—the aged, punctilious baron and the captivating young woman who accompanied him. His first impression had been that they were theatrical people—an actress and her manager. Observant people on board had harbored the same opinion, while others afterward suggested that they might be adventurers—a card sharper with a handsome young woman as a decoy, nothing new in the muddled undercurrents of European society nor in the necessarily cosmopolitan life of an ocean liner.

Trainor, with the instinctive desire of a matter of fact American to have proofs before forming a belief or an opinion, had accepted the card sharp theory with considerable seriousness until he learned that the baron had refused several invitations to "fill in a hand" in the smoking room. Now that he had become acquainted with the girl, had observed her fine qualities of mind and character, he knew that, whatever might be the mystery surrounding her identity or whatever the baron might be, there was no mystery regarding her rank as a gentlewoman of rare mold.

The fact that the couple had little or no money was, to him, another mystifying circumstance. The girl's remark to Trainor, only that very afternoon, that "we are very poor and have

nothing but a few jewels," was conclusive on that point, though why the crown prince of Montenegro should present a costly jeweled bracelet to a person, who, being penniless, could hardly have any social position abroad, was clearly something that would bear considerable explanation.

Anna Victoria moved about in feverish restlessness on the day she was to first set foot on American soil. For there was nothing new to her, but the great buildings of New York, looming hundreds of feet in the air, were grotesque, unreal in their colossal proportions. Enough people to make a good size town in Herzegovina were sheltered under one roof, she realized, and a wave of loneliness, of fear, welled up in her heart. She stood at the rail with the baron and Trainor, the latter pointing out the various features of the city.

"Where shall we go?" she asked the baron. He raised his eyebrows interrogatively to the American.

Trainor hesitated, wondering what they could afford.

"What is the best hotel?" the girl queried.

"The Rex," answered Trainor.

"Very well. It is settled. We shall go there," answered Anna Victoria.

Trainor started to explain how high the prices were for persons of little or no means, but Anna Victoria turned quickly away to go to her cabin to gather the effects which she would carry ashore and to see that her precious little canary bird, Bimbi, was ready for disembarking.

On the pier Trainor directed the baron to a telephone where he could engage rooms at the Rex.

Anna Victoria in energetic manner issued her instructions.

"Baron, see to it that we shall have a suite of ten rooms if that will be enough," she directed.

Trainor stared in open mouthed stupefaction at the girl. Ten rooms at the Rex, and she had complained of her poverty!

The baron bowed and started away. Anna Victoria turned to Trainor. "You must come to visit us as soon as you can get an opportunity," she said, smiling sweetly. "You are the only friend we have in this strange land."

Suddenly a new thought occurred to her. "Baron!" she called. Cosaca hurried back. "It occurs to me that I have heard of the smallness of the rooms in the houses in America, so you had best engage a whole floor at the Rex."

"A whole floor! Whew!" exclaimed Trainor, throwing up his hands, sinking feebly back and seating himself on a trunk.

Something other than mere curiosity directed Robert Trainor's steps toward the Rex hotel the second day after his return to New York. The memory of the girl he had met on the steamer could not be put away. He was determined to learn more about her. He found the girl going over a column of figures with the Baron Cosaca.

"We are very comfortable here," glancing about the room. "But all is so expensive, and we are very poor."

"How long are you going to stay here?" he asked.

"We have money enough to last us just exactly five days and a half."

The thought that the couple were trying to put him in a position where he might be expected to offer them financial aid occurred to Trainor, but he abruptly dismissed it as an injustice to them.

On a statement by his hostess that she and the baron must wait in America until they get important news from abroad Trainor suggested that they go to an apartment house.

Baron Cosaca hesitated at the adoption of the suggestion, but the girl seemed to favor it. "Would my little boy, Bimbi, be comfortable in such a place?" she asked.

"Your little boy!" exclaimed Trainor. "My canary bird has always to be considered," she said gracefully.

"Oh, yes," responded Trainor. "He can be kept on the fire escape."

"Fire escape?" she queried, arching her eyebrows.

"It is an iron stairway to use when a fire occurs."

"Oh, how splendid!" she cried, clapping her hands. "Then my Bimbi would be able to escape if the house caught fire. Yes, I will go to live in that apartment."

Trainor spent the next day in completing the arrangement for the engagement of the apartment. It consisted of six rooms and a bath at \$38 a month.

Of course the Fraulein Victoria and the baron must have a servant or two. Trainor understood this perfectly and engaged a woman. "Ma-ary Horri-gan, sure, is me na-ame," she informed Trainor, and she went on to give him a detailed list of her accomplishments. "References? Sure—from all but the last place."

"Very well, Mary," went on Trainor, "up to the last point your record seems to be all right, and you can consider yourself engaged."

[To be continued.]

A Glance at Current Topics

FLAG DAY, which is celebrated over the greater part of the United States June 14, affords a source of patriotic inspiration for the future citizens of the nation which is of incalculable value. In the public schools boys and girls are now ready to sing their songs, speak their pieces and wave their flags. In many schools there will be addresses by leading men of the community in keeping with this annual tribute to the stars and stripes.

With the recent admission of Arizona and New Mexico to statehood the American flag bears forty-eight stars. George Washington designed the first flag, and Betsy Ross, a Philadelphia upholsterer, made it. Betsy Ross subsequently made a great many more flags for the government under contract.

On June 14, 1777, the Continental congress passed a resolution "that the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation." After Vermont and Kentucky had been admitted to the Union two more stripes and two more stars were added, it being the intention, apparently to pursue this course when other states were admitted. However, it was decided in 1818, when there were twenty states in the Union, that the number of stripes return to the old number, thirteen, and that the number of stars be increased to twenty. This system has since been followed.

A Woman Diplomat.

Uruguay has been the first country to admit a woman to the diplomatic service. Dr. Clotilde Luisi is the name of the lady, and she has taken up her duties as attache at Brussels. Her special commission is to look after educational matters in her capacity as attache of the legation in the Belgian capital. Miss Luisi encountered considerable male opposition before she won the post she wanted. She gained her doctor's degree at the University of Montevideo.

Another recognition of woman in public life was made by President Taft when he appointed Miss Julia C. Lathrop of Chicago as chief of the federal children's bureau, which is under the wing of the department of commerce and labor. Miss Lathrop is associated with Miss Jane Addams of Hull House fame, a member of the Illinois board of charity and a graduate and trustee of Vassar college.

National Chamber of Commerce.

The national chamber of commerce recently perfected organization and now is in operation. The bylaws provide for methods of disclosing, through a system of referendum, the commercial opinion of the United States on questions which are deemed by the directorate to be of national importance. Harry A. Wheeler of Chicago is president of the association.

Safer Sea Travel Assured.

The Titanic sea disaster, the worst on record, has led to the adoption of new precautions to insure the safety of travelers between the United States and Europe. The great ocean liners as a whole are now equipped with additional life saving apparatus as a result of public demand and the American inquiry in Washington and the British investigation into this horror. The il-



Photos by American Press Association.
Extra Life Saving Devices Aboard the
Liner Mauretania.

Illustration shows the Mauretania, one of the largest ships of the times. In the upper picture are some of the rafts stored on the upper deck, which are easily accessible to passengers, and in the lower picture the members of the crew are seen placing a lifeboat.

Developed a Pulsating Mass.

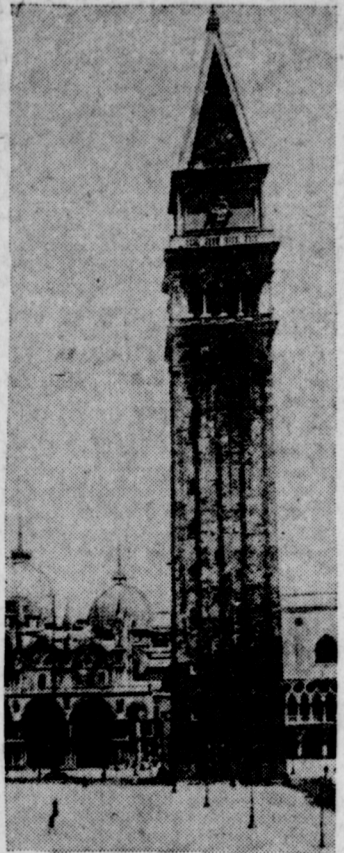
The mystery of life, the problem that has puzzled philosophers for years, is being unraveled by Professor Alexis Carrell of Cornell university. Before the general session of the American Philosophical society Professor Carrell told of experiments with an animated pulsating mass in his laboratory. "This experiment," said Dr. Carrell,

"gives no new light into the actual causes of life. The origin of the heart beat still remains as much a mystery as ever. The fact, however, that a similar pulsation can be maintained is an amazing revelation to science."

"The shred of the heart of an unhatched chick was placed in culture early in January, and in sixty-four days the resulting tissues grew to sixty-four times their original size. The interior pulsations continued to become more powerful."

The New Campanile.

The inauguration of the new campanile of St. Mark's, Venice, to replace that which fell ten years ago recalls that it was on July 14, 1902, that the Campanile di San Marco, which for over a thousand years had been one of the principal landmarks of Venice, collapsed, the debris crushing the exquisite little loggetta of Sansovino at its foot. The tower was 322 feet high.



Famous Reconstructed Tower, Which
Has Been Dedicated.

It was begun in 888 A. D., rebuilt in 1329, provided with a marble top in 1417 and in 1517 crowned with the figure of an angel nearly sixteen feet high.

About a year after the fall of the campanile its reconstruction was begun. The new tower is a facsimile of the old, the original materials having been used whenever possible and the only changes from the old design being additional strength in the foundations and the installation of an elevator, which will supplement the famous inclined planes which took the place of a staircase.

The reconstruction of the sixteenth century loggetta has been described as the "greatest jigsaw puzzle on record." When the debris of the catastrophe of 1902 was removed experts examined every scrap, and, though at first the plan seemed hopeless, began, with infinite pains, to reconstruct the loggetta, not at first in its original position, but in a space back of St. Mark's.

Princeton's New Dormitory.

The new dormitory on the campus of Princeton university, for which ground was broken this spring, is to cost \$150,000. The building will have six entrances, with accommodations for seventy students. The structure is to be of Gothic design, and at the junction of the wings will be an arch with a short tower approached from the south by a flight of steps. The new dormitory will be ready for the reopening of college term in 1913.

Scientific Farming for the North.

Scientific farming having been demonstrated in the south, the department of agriculture at Washington, impressed with the results, announced that work of a like character will be carried on this summer under its auspices in the north. There are about 60,000 farms included in the demonstration work in the south, which was inaugurated by Dr. S. A. Knapp.

The plan for the north in a general way is to divide the area into five sections, the north Atlantic, the south Atlantic, the north central, the south central and the western. Each in charge of a section superintendent and an assistant. The five main sections are divided into districts, each covering more than one state, the district work to be done under the direction of a federal officer. Co-operating with him will be state and county superintendents and agents. Many of the states arranged for appropriations and for the counties to raise funds. Congress appropriated \$50,000 in the house to aid this work, and when the bill went to the senate \$65,000 more was added. With the original money this will make about \$250,000 available this year.

The department of agriculture has solved many problems generally affecting wide regions and will work on more of the same sort, but in dealing with state and local conditions the work will be left to the state and county officials.

OLD TIME LETTER WRITING.

Recalling the Days When It Combined News, Diary and Sermon.

Do you know, I just hate to write letters?—Familiar Quotation No. 3456.

Who does like to write letters anyway? No one but the very young person in love or who thinks he is. Most of us telephone if we can, and if we can't telephone we wait for a few days and then forget all about it.

Grandma used to write letters as long as an old fashioned sermon. Grandma was a right per; letter writer too. Everybody wrote 'em. It was the thing to do, and you got yourself disliked if you did not sit down every once in awhile, sharpen your goose quill and tell somebody all your inmost thoughts and what you had for dinner.

We quit it some time back. It is doubtful now if there is more than one person in ten who has the faintest glimmerings of what a real old fashioned chatty letter was like, says the St. Louis Republic. They called them epistles back in grandma's time, and they spent whole days writing them, copying them and sealing them with a multitude of red, green and blue seals.

If it were not for young lovers and old folks the letter as it used to be would just about vanish. The rest of us have no time in which to sit down and lay bare the very secrets of our inner souls on a white page. Lovers will doubtless always write letters. It is in their blood, and it refuses to yield to new conditions. Anyway there is a certain amount of mushiness in the system that must be got rid of, and this is the most effective way.

The business letter is a cold and crisp business memorandum. Even the so called letter that passes between friends is hardly more than a greeting and a goodbye. The postal card is partly to blame.

Two hundred years ago when you wrote a letter you made of it a sort of newspaper, a diary and a sermon all rolled into one.

They spent a few hours daily on it; they polished the sentences and looked up all the hard words in the dictionary. When it was done it was a complex thing that was worth keeping and studying. Postage was high in those times, and the mails were more uncertain than the weather, and when they wrote they wanted to be sure to get it all in the epistle. Letters were real events, whether you sent them or received them.

SHAFT TO INDIAN BRAVERY.

The "Fool Indian Band" That Rescued White Captives From Savages.

The story of the "fool Indian band" is unique and has no parallel in the history of this country.

Nearly half a century ago a Wagon was enacted where Mobridge, Minn., now stands. It was in the year of the terrible New Ulm and Mankato massacres in Minnesota in 1862, when all the men fit for service were engaged in the battles of the civil war and only defenseless women and children and men who were unfit to go to the front were left to take care of the homes of the settlers.

In this unprepared state these were an easy prey to the then murderous Indians, and hundreds were slain before a force strong enough could be raised to drive the redskins across the Missouri. When they retreated they took with them a party of white women and children and by forced marches reached Mobridge.

One cannot appreciate the feelings of these helpless captives as they were hurried across the plains to what was worse than slavery. But something touched the hearts of their younger captors, who, under the leadership of Chief No Heart, decided to get the captives to their homes and to their relatives and friends.

During the tortures they knew would be theirs if their undertaking should fail, they called their native strategy into play and, eluding the main camp, after many hardships and weary days succeeded in returning the captives to their relatives and friends, who had long since given them up for dead.

After forty years congress recognized the bravery of the band by giving each of the survivors a small medal, and later, after all but two had gone to the happy hunting grounds, the state of South Dakota erected a shaft of red granite with the inscription, "Shetek Captives Rescued Here, November, 1862, by the Fool Indian Band." The shaft was erected on June 15, 1909, and is the only historical monument erected by the state of South Dakota.—Mobridge Cor. St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Waiting.

All things come to those who wait.
If they can wait till all things come.
Love will in time win over hate;
Speech will be given to the dumb;
Smooth pathways will replace the rough.
'Tis all in waiting long enough.

The poor may cease to be denied.
The blessings that the rich receive.
The ones who fall may pass in pride.
To triumph they, too, shall achieve.
If they can keep on waiting till
The great day comes, as come it will.

The fool will cease some day to be
The foolish thing he is today;
From greed and grief we shall be free,
And worthiness alone will pay;
We'll all be wise and good and great,
If we can only wait and wait
And wait and wait.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

European Railways.

Switzerland takes eighth place among the European members of the international railroad convention in the length of its railways. Statistics for 1911 show that Russia is first with 40,512 miles and Germany second with 37,936 miles.

Fashion Ideas and Household Hints

Attractive Lingerie Blouse



The lingerie blouse in the illustration shows embroidery which has the appearance of venise lace. On this simple blouse of pin tucked batiste the bertha of cut out embroidery is effective.

PUTTING FACING ON HATS.

Vexatious Puzzle to Many Women Overcome by Plan Here Given.

Few women who trim their own hats understand how to adjust a fitted facing, and this work is either left undone or put into the hands of an experienced milliner. The problem is solved in the Philadelphia North American.

When you have selected your summer hat take a sheet of tissue paper large enough to cover the entire brim. Lay this flat on a table and put the hat on top of it. Draw the paper up over the brim, pinning it fast to the edge at intervals of one-half inch all the way round.

This done, cut the paper outside the edge to a point one-half inch above the brim's edge, then turn the hat over and slash the paper in the center of the crown to a point one-quarter of an inch inside of the brim line. Make eight or ten slashes across the diameter of the crown, so the paper will fit up into it without wrinkling.

Between the slashes the paper will be pointed. Cut off one inch from each point.

With great care remove the paper from the hat. You now have a correct pattern from which to cut the material for facing.

With a pencil mark the center of the front and the center of the back on your pattern, so that when you cut out the material the grain will run properly. Velvet must be cut so the nap runs from back to front, and silk must be cut so the straight of the goods follows the line from center front to center back of the hat.

Cut your facing exactly like the pattern and lay it on the hat's brim, taking care not to stretch it in so doing.

Pin it securely to the brim's edge, as you did the pattern, then smooth it into the crown and pin at frequent intervals at the crown line.

Beginning at the center back, turn in the edge of the facing to meet the edge of the hat's brim and sew it fast with a small slip stitch—that is, running the thread under the edge of the velvet and catching it to the straw.

If you use satin or taffeta for a facing it will be necessary to have an interlining, cut exactly like the facing, of cambric or some thin, firm lining material.

With the hand, smooth the facing from the edge of the brim toward the crown and, if necessary, readjust the piece to make it fit without a wrinkle. This done, sew the facing at the crown line, using a long and short back stitch and strong cotton thread.

"Just Watch Me Hit This Feller!"



—Brooklyn Eagle.

DISHCLOTH AS A MENACE.

It Should Be Used For No Other Purpose and Kept Scrupulously Clean.

Many housekeepers who pride themselves on dustless rooms are less careful than they should be in the matter of the dishcloth. This kitchen accessory should be made to serve but one purpose—that which its name implies. However, it is a too frequent practice to use it for a variety of purposes. The safe and sanitary method is to wash the dishcloth thoroughly with hot water and soap each time it has been used, then rinse and shake it out just as carefully and hang it in the sun to dry.

A noted physician relates an experience which he had in a family where a daughter was taken ill with diphtheria. After her death two other members of the family were taken with the same disease. As there were no other cases in that town and apparently no cause for it, he began to investigate. He searched the whole house and surroundings and found everything perfectly sanitary. He was about to give up his investigation when he caught sight of the dishcloth. Upon examining it he found it to contain millions of microbes. So the cause of the diphtheria was attributed to the dirty dishcloth which the mother had thoughtlessly used.

IMITATING WINTER STYLES.

Light Materials For Summer That Carry Out Popular Fancies.

These days' counterpart of popular winter fashions are made up for spring and summer wear. For instance, there is the June cotton corduroy, corrugated or striped, which becomes all kinds of figures and is especially appropriate for those inclined to obesity.

If the material of the cotton coat and skirt costume is arranged in parquetry panels which are outlined with loops and buttons, diversified effects can be accomplished.

Eponge, the counterpart of the smart ruffe of the winter season, is seen in light wools and silks and sometimes in patterned brocades. Cotton eponge is being used for complete dresses and for collars, cuffs, patch pockets, etc.

Baby cambric and nainsook, the finest of handkerchief and like white materials, hold their popularity. A beautiful effect is obtained when delicate pinpoints of embroidery is applied to this white fabric and scalloping the cambric is resorted to, the edges being finished with the buttonhole stitch and having a ruffle of fine lace.

Have a heart that never hardens, and a temper that never tires, and a touch that never hurts.—Charles Dickens.

For Bitter Medicine. A thing worse than knowing when one has to take bitter medicine is that a small pinch of salt will remove all taste of bitterness from the mouth.

The Children's Part of the Paper

THE SAND YOU PLAY IN.

How the Elements Fashion the Particles at Seashore.

If you go to the seashore this summer of course you will play in the sand a great deal and enjoy the fresh sea air. There is always a great deal of oxygen, or ozone, as some people call it, at the seashore, because that is one of the principal elements of the sand, and a few feet in depth of sand contains more oxygen than all the air above it.

Sand is made from an element called silicon. In dead matter silicon occupies the same place that carbon does in living matter, and both combine with oxygen to form compounds called oxides. In the case of carbon this is carbonic acid gas. In the case of silicon it is the sands of the seashore.

In the earlier stages of the world's history the silicon was all burnt up into oxygen, and the common name for this compound of oxygen and silicon is silica, and this is what formed the rocks that we call sandstone. When the wind and waves break up these rocks and toss them against one another and roll them up and down for ages they gradually grind them to powder and make the beautiful grains of sand that you love to trinkle through your fingers on the shore by the sea.—New York Sun.

Hide the Ring. Put a ring (or two of them if you wish) on a rope or twine and tie the ends together. One must be inside. All fake hold of the rope and move their hands back and forth along the rope toward the ones on either side. Everybody must keep up this motion all the time. By so doing you can slip the ring along, and the person in the center will not know where it is. If a ring is found under a person's hand that person must be "it."

Questions and Answers. What man must have his glass before he can do a day's work? A glazier. What is that which goes from New York to Chicago without moving? The road. What fish is most valued by a girl? Her ring.

The Cipher Message That Righted Cupid's Mistake

By OSCAR M. PUGH

WHEN Mary Barnard and I were school fellows we were lovers. When Mary came to be eighteen I was twenty-one. She had matured more rapidly than I, who still bore traces of the boy. Mary's parents were thinking of her settlement for life, and I was not yet thinking of making a beginning, for I had not finished studying my profession. A prominent and wealthy man of forty named Disbrow was paying her attention. It was plain that he would be acceptable so far as the parents were concerned, and I could not detect any unwillingness on Mary's part. Our relationship had changed after leaving school. We no longer spoke from the heart, and I would not think of asking how she liked her elderly suitor.

All doubt as to the result was at last removed by the announcement of her engagement to Mr. Disbrow. Her parents showed plainly that they were much pleased, and Mary—well, at times I thought she seemed sad, at others satisfied. Meanwhile an elaborate trousseau was being provided and preparations were making for the wedding.

On the day I returned from the law school, having finished my studies, the cards for Mary's wedding were distributed. I did not go to see her, remaining at home in great despondency. I can remember no mental anguish in my life so sharp as thinking of Mary Barnard the wife of another. One morning—I received a note from her asking if her old schoolfellow would not call and say goodbye to her as a maiden and intimating that she would be at home at 4 o'clock that afternoon. I did not wish to go. I saw nothing to be gained by going. Nevertheless I was still boy enough to hope that some interposition might save her from the monster Disbrow, as I considered him, and keep her for me. At the appointed hour I called.

Instead of Mary coming to receive me her mother walked in very stiffly and very coldly.

"Mary is too busy to see you," she said, "and has asked me to excuse her to you. She hopes to see you at the wedding."

The truth of all this was disproved a few minutes later by Mary herself, who came into the drawing room. Her mother gave her an angry glance, muttered something about leaving things undone, then settled herself in her chair to be present at the interview.

What was my surprise to see Mary leave the whole of the conversation to her mother and me, taking up a book, which she read during the whole of my call. Meanwhile she was fingering an ivory paper cutter with a penknife on one end. I was so distressed and incensed that had it not been for my pride I would have left the house at once; but, desiring to show her that I

was as cold as she, I conversed gayly with her mother. When I rose to leave Mary handed me the book she had been reading, recommending it as one that would interest me. On reaching my room I looked at the title, and when I saw that it was "How to Get on in the World" I threw it into a corner and, sinking on a lounge, buried my face in my hands.

It was growing dark when I got up, took the book from the corner and, striking a light, began to run over the leaves mechanically. Why I did so I don't remember, except that the dear hands of the girl I loved had so recently held it. I noticed under one of the words a cut. On the next page was another. Glancing back at the first, I saw that it was "Why." The second was "have." Turning the pages rapidly, I was but a moment deciphering the sentence, "Why have you deserted me?"

There were but five words, but they were enough. Was it too late? Only twenty-four hours before the wedding! What could I do? To call at the house and tell her of my love would hardly be practicable, for her mother would scarcely brook a second call so soon after the first and would be present, as before. Taking the book she had lent me, I underscored the words: "My schoolboy love is a man's love. Find some way to delay the wedding or break off the match entirely." The same evening I sent a messenger with the book and a formal note, unsealed, thanking her for lending it to me and wishing her great happiness in her marriage.

That night I did not close my eyes in sleep and spent the next day in a mental fever. The wedding was to be at 7 o'clock and the reception at half past 7. Had Mary received the book? Would she and could she delay the marriage?

About 4 o'clock I went out for a walk, hoping to gain some relief from the terrible suspense. Meeting a boy with the evening papers, I bought one. After giving a glance at the headings on the first page I was about to put the paper in my pocket when my eye caught the words, "A Wedding Delayed." With a flash of hope I scanned what followed:

"Owing to the indisposition of Miss Mary Barnard, who was to have been married this evening to Charles M. Disbrow, the wedding has been postponed."

The transition from the terrible strain I had been under to a wild joy very nearly brought a swoon.

It was not known to any except the family that on receipt of my cipher message Mary told her expectant husband that she did not love him, and he released her. A year later another engagement was announced, followed by a speedy marriage. Mary Barnard was the bride; I was the bridegroom.

Religious Work

Among the innovations at the missionary education movement conference at Silver Bay, on Lake George, N. M., July 12-21, will be a special program for laymen, opened by J. Campbell White, general secretary of the laymen's missionary movement. There will be another series of conferences or institutes for pastors, led by Dr. Cornelius H. Patton, secretary of the American board of commissioners for foreign missions, recently returned from an extended journey through Turkey, Africa and India. Other special conferences and institutes have been arranged for Sunday school superintendents and teachers, missionary committeemen and for practically every type of worker in the local church activities.

Dr. T. H. P. Sailer, educational secretary of the Presbyterian board of foreign missions, will be dean of the mission study department this year, as in the past. With him will be associated a faculty of normal mission study class teachers, including Dr. W. E. Witter, the Rev. Arthur R. Gray, the Rev. John M. Moore, B. Carter Millikin, the Rev. H. K. England, Miss Lucy C. Sturges, Miss Grace Lindley, Miss Harriet Holloway and Miss Anna B. Taft.

The Rev. George F. Sutherland, secretary of the young people's missionary department of the Methodist church, will have charge of the missionary institutes, and associated with him will be specialists in various departments, including the Rev. J. M. Moore of the Baptist forward movement; the Rev. George H. Trull of the Presbyterian foreign board, H. A. Kinports of the Reformed church of America, J. Campbell White, Morris W. Elnes, Miss Susan Mendenhall and others.

Ralph E. Diefendorfer, Sunday school secretary of the missionary education movement, will have charge of the daily conferences in graded missionary instruction for the Sunday school. Robert E. Speer will be among the speakers at the platform meetings. Harry Wade Hicks, general secretary of the missionary education movement, will preside throughout the conference.

Denominational Statistics.

In 1890 there were 145 separate religious bodies in the United States. Between 1890 and 1906 twelve denominations ceased to exist, four were consolidated with others, and four disappeared through changes in classification. Of the forty-eight new denominations eleven are the result of immigration and most of the remainder result of organization of entirely new units. The 186 denominations are subdivided into groups or families, 154 being grouped into twenty-seven families and thirty-two being classified as "unrelated." Another classification of the 186 bodies embraces the distinctively Protestant, numbering 164; the Roman Catholic church, 1; the Jewish congregations, 1; the Latter Day Saints, 2; the eastern orthodox churches, 4; and 14 others, including the Armenian church, the Bahais, the Buddhists, the Shakers and Amarna society, the Polish national church, the Society For Ethical Culture, the spiritualists, the theosophical societies and the Vedanta society.

Since 1890 there has been an increase of 49,679 churches or units of denominations.

Christian Life.

"It was not without reason in the nature of man that the Christian life was made one of difficulty," says the Watchman (Baptist) of Boston. "It has been a stumbling block to many that human nature is so constituted that it is hard to be good and easy to be bad, but the difference is founded in the very nature of things. It is inevitable that strength should come by struggle and weakness by inaction. It is not by chance that training is necessary for the athlete or that education is required to make a scholar. Acquisition without effort of anything worth having is inconceivable. That which comes without work is usually worthless or positively hurtful. Effort and endurance alone will purchase strong and matured character. It was in accordance with this fundamental principle of human nature that Christ taught the duty and the necessity of self denial and burden bearing. 'If any man will come after me let him deny himself and take up his cross daily and follow me.' Is not an arbitrary command, but one based on the very constitution of human nature and on the eternal principles of life. Even Jesus himself must be made 'perfect through suffering,' and so also must those who would be like him."

The Sad Victim.

"The Prodigal Son" was the subject of the Sunday school lesson. The teacher was dwelling on the character of the elder brother.

"But amid all the rejoicing," said the teacher, "there was one to whom the preparations of the feast brought no joy, to whom the prodigal's return brought no happiness, only bitterness, one who did not approve of the feast and had no wish to attend it. Now, who can tell me who this was?"

Silence for several moments, then a hand raised and a small, sympathetic voice, "Please, ma'am, it was the fattest calf."—Mack's National Weekly.

A Singer.

He never loved until the day Pain entered at his door And taught him strange and wondrous things He had not known before. —New York Times.

A Valuable Animal of Tibet



Photo by American Press Association.

In Amphthal, Bedfordshire, England, there is a man who likes to collect all kinds of strange animals for riding and driving. In the grounds about his home he often rides astride a yak, as the illustration shows him.

The yak is used as a beast of burden by the natives of Tibet, China. It is about the size of the common ox of our own country and looks like it in some ways, though covered with a long silky hair hanging down like the fleece of a sheep. This hair is a protection from the severe cold of its native land. The yak is of great use to the people of Tibet. It gives fine milk, which makes excellent butter. Its flesh is superior food, that of the calves being better than veal. The hair of this important animal is spun into ropes and made into coverings for tents, and the soft fur of the hump is woven into fine strong cloth. The tails, often dyed red, are made into fly dappers, which are used in India.

The Wreck of the Titan

By Morgan Robertson

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"He had a wonderful nerve," said the husband, with a smile. "Didn't know you very well, I should say."

"He never seemed the same to me after that," she resumed. "I felt as though in the presence of something unclean. Yet I thought how glorious it would be if I could save him to God and tried to convince him of the loving care of Jesus, but he only ridiculed all I hold sacred and said that much as he valued my good opinion he would not be a hypocrite to gain it and that he would be honest with himself and others and express his honest belief—the idea! As though one could be honest without God's help—and then one day I smelled liquor on his breath—he always smelled of tobacco—and I gave him up. It was then that he—that he broke out."

"Come out and show me this reprobate," said the husband, rising. They went to the door and the young woman peered out. "He is the last man down there—close to the cabin," she said as she drew in. The husband stepped out.

"What! That hangdog ruffian scouring the ventilator? So that's Rowland of the navy, is it? Well, this is a tumble. Wasn't he broken for conduct unbecoming an officer? Got roaring drunk at the president's levee, didn't he? I think I read of it."

"I know he lost his position and was terribly disgraced," answered the wife.

"Well, Myra, the poor devil is harmless now. We'll be across in a few days, and you needn't meet him on this broad deck. If he hasn't lost all sensibility he's as embarrassed as you. Better stay in now. It's getting foggy."

CHAPTER II.

Shapes Swallowed in Blackness.

WHEN the watch turned out at midnight they found a vicious half gale blowing from the northeast, which, added to the speed of the steamship, made so far as effects on her deck went, a fairly uncomfortable whole gale of chilly wind. The head sea, choppy as compared with her great length, dealt the Titan successive blows, each one attended by supplementary tremors to the continuous vibrations of the engines, each one sending a cloud of thick spray aloft that reached the crow's nest on the foremast and battered the pilot house windows on the bridge in a liquid bombardment that would have broken ordinary glass. A fog bank into which the ship had plunged in the afternoon still enveloped her, damp and impenetrable, and into the gray, ever receding wall ahead, with two deck officers and three lookouts straining sight and hearing to the utmost, the great racer was charging with undiminished speed.

At a quarter past 12 two men crawled in from the darkness at the ends of the eighty foot bridge and shouted to the first officer, who had just taken the deck, the names of the men who had relieved them. Backing up to the pilot house, the officer repeated the names to a quartermaster within, who entered them in the log book. Then the men vanished, to their coffee and "watch below." In a few moments another dripping shape appeared on the bridge and reported the crow's nest relief.

"Rowland, you say?" bawled the officer above the howling of the wind. "Is he the man who was lifted aboard drunk yesterday?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is he straight now?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right—that'll do. Enter Rowland in the crow's nest, quartermaster," said the officer; then, making a funnel of his hands, he roared out, "Crow's nest, there!"

"Sir," came the answer, shrill and clear on the gale.

"Keep your eyes open. Keep a sharp lookout."

"Very good, sir."

"Here a man-of-war's man, I judge by his answer. They're no good," muttered the officer. He resumed his position at the forward side of the bridge, where the wooden railing afforded some shelter from the raw wind, and began the long vigil which would end only when the second officer relieved him four hours later. Conversation was forbidden among the bridge officers of the Titan, and his watch mate, the third officer, stood on the other side of the large bridge binnacle, leaving this position only occasionally to glance in at the compass, which seemed to be his sole duty at sea. Sheltered by one of the deck houses below, the boatswain and the watch paced back and forth, enjoying the only two hours' respite which steamship rules afforded, for the day's work had ended with the going down of the other watch, and at 2 o'clock the washing of the 'tween deck would begin an opening task in the next day's labor.

By the time one bell had sounded, with its repetition from the crow's nest, followed by a long drawn cry "All's well!" from the lookouts, the last of the 2,000 passengers had retired, leaving the spacious cabins and staterooms in possession of the watchmen,

while sound asleep in his cabin about the chart room was the captain, the commander who never commanded unless the ship was in danger, for the pilot had charge, making and leaving port, and the officers at sea.

Two bells were struck and answered, then three, and the boatswain and his men were lighting up for a final smoke when there rang out overhead a startling cry from the crow's nest:

"Something ahead, sir; can't make it out."

The first officer sprang to the engine room telegraph and grasped the lever "Sing out what you see!" he roared.

"Hard a port, sir; ship on the starboard tack, dead ahead!" came the cry.

"Port your wheel hard over," repeated the first officer to the quartermaster at the helm, who answered and obeyed. Nothing as yet could be seen from the bridge. The powerful steering engine in the stern ground the rudder over, but before three degrees on the compass card were traversed by the lubber's point a seeming thickening of the darkness and fog ahead resolved itself into the square sails of a deep laden ship crossing the Titan's bow not half her length away.

"H— and d—!" growled the first officer. "Steady on your course, quartermaster!" he shouted. "Stand from under on deck!"



"Something ahead, sir. Can't make it out."

der on deck!" He turned a lever which closed compartments, pushed a button marked "Captain's Room" and crouched down, awaiting the crash.

There was hardly a crash. A slight jar shook the forward end of the Titan, and sliding down her fore topmast stay and rattling on deck came a shower of small spars, sails, blocks and wire rope. Then in the darkness to starboard and port two darker shapes shot by—the two halves of the ship she had cut through—and from one of these shapes, where still burned a blinding light, was heard, high above the confused murmur of shouts and shrieks, a sallying voice:

"May the curse of God light on you and your cheese knife, you brass bound murderers!"

The shapes were swallowed in the blackness astern, the cries were hushed by the clamor of the gale, and the steamship Titan swung back to her course. The first officer had not turned the lever of the engine room telegraph.

The boatswain bounded up the steps of the bridge for instructions.

"Put men at the hatches and doors. Send every one who comes on deck to the chart room. Tell the watchman to notice what the passengers have learned and clear away that wreck forward as soon as possible." The voice of the officer was hoarse and strained as he gave these directions, and the "Aye, aye, sir," of the boatswain was uttered in a gasp.

The crow's nest (lookout), sixty feet above the deck, had seen every detail of the horror from the moment when the upper sails of the doomed ship had appeared to him above the fog to the time when the last tangle of wreckage was cut away by his watch mates below. When relieved at four bells he descended with as little strength in his limbs as was compatible with safety in the rigging. At the rail the boatswain met him.

"Report your relief, Rowland," he said, "and go into the chart room."

On the bridge, as he gave the name of his successor, the first officer seized his hand, pressed it and repeated the boatswain's order. In the chart room he found the captain of the Titan, pale faced and intense in manner, seated at a table and grouped around him the whole of the watch on deck except the officers, lookouts and quartermasters. The cabin watchmen were there and some of the watch below, among whom were stokers and coal passers, and also a few of the idlers—lumpmen, yeomen and butchers—who, sleeping forward, had been awakened by the terrible blow of the great hollow knife within which they lived.

Three carpenter's mates stood by the door with sounding rods in their hands, which they had just shown the captain—dry. Every face, from the captain's down, wore a look of horror and expectancy. A quartermaster followed Rowland in and said:

"Engineer felt no jar in the engine room, sir, and there's no excitement in the stokehold."

"And you watchmen report no alarm in the cabins. How about the steerage? Is that man back?" asked the captain. Another watchman appeared as he spoke.

"All asleep in the steerage, sir," he said. Then a quartermaster entered with the same report of the forecastles.

"Very well," said the captain, rising. "One by one come into my office, watchmen first, then petty officers, then the men. Quartermasters will watch the door, that no man goes out until I have seen him." He passed into another room, followed by a watchman, who presently emerged and went on deck with a more pleasant expression of face. Another entered and came out, then another and another until every man but Rowland had been within the sacred precincts, all to wear the same pleased or satisfied look on reappearing. When Rowland entered, the captain, seated at a desk, motioned him to a chair and asked his name.

"John Rowland," he answered. The captain wrote it down.

"I understand," he said, "that you were in the crow's nest when this unfortunate collision occurred."

"Yes, sir, and I reported the ship as soon as I saw her."

"You are not here to be censured. You are aware, of course, that nothing could be done either to avert this terrible calamity or to save life afterward."

"Nothing at a speed of twenty-five knots an hour in a thick fog, sir." The captain glanced sharply at Rowland and frowned.

"We will not discuss the speed of the ship, my good man," he said, "or the rules of the company. You will find, when you are paid at Liverpool, a package addressed to you at the company's office containing \$100 in banknotes. This you will receive for your silence in regard to this collision, the reporting of which would embarrass the company and help no one."

"On the contrary, captain, I shall not receive it. On the contrary, sir, I shall speak of this wholesale murder at the first opportunity."

The captain leaned back and stared at the debauched face and trembling figure of the sailor, with which this defiant speech so little accorded. Under ordinary circumstances he would have sent him on deck to be dealt with by the officers. But this was not an ordinary circumstance. In the watery eyes was a look of shock and horror and honest indignation. The accents were those of an educated man, and the consequences hanging over himself and the company for which he worked—already complicated by and involved in his efforts to avoid them—this man might precipitate were so extreme that such questions as insolence and difference in rank were not to be thought of. He must meet and subdue this Tartar on common ground—as man to man.

"Are you aware, Rowland," he asked quietly, "that you will stand alone, that you will be discredited, lose your berth and make enemies?"

"I am aware of more than that," answered Rowland excitedly. "I know of the power vested in you as captain. I know that you can order me into irons from this room for any offense you wish to imagine. And I know that an unwitting, uncorroborated entry in your official log concerning me would be evidence enough to bring me life imprisonment. But I also know something of admiralty law—that from my prison cell I can send you and your first officer to the gallows."

"You are mistaken in your conceptions of evidence. I could not cause your conviction by a log book entry, nor could you from a prison injure me. What are you, may I ask—an ex-lawyer?"

"A graduate of Annapolis—your equal in professional technique."

"And you have interests at Washington?"

"None whatever."

"And what is your object in taking this stand, which can do you no possible good, though certainly not the harm you speak of?"

"That I may do one good, strong act in my useless life, that I may help to arouse such a sentiment of anger in the two countries as will forever end this wanton destruction of life and property for the sake of speed, that will save the hundreds of fishing craft and others run down yearly to their owners, and the crews to their families."

Both men had risen, and the captain was pacing the floor as Rowland, with flashing eyes and clinched fists, delivered this declaration.

"A result to be hoped for, Rowland," said the former, pausing before him, "but beyond your power or mine to accomplish. Is the amount I named large enough? Could you fill a position on my bridge?"

"I can fill a higher, and your company is not rich enough to buy me."

"You seem to be a man without ambition, but you must have wants."

"Food, clothing, shelter—and whiskey," said Rowland with a bitter, self contemptuous laugh. The captain reached down a decanter and two glasses from a swinging tray and said as he placed them before him:

"Here is one of your wants. Fill up." Rowland's eyes glistened as he poured out a glassful, and the captain followed.

"I will drink with you, Rowland," he said. "Here is to our better understanding." He tossed off the liquor:

then Rowland, who had waited, said, "I prefer drinking alone, captain," and drank the whiskey at a gulp. The captain's face flushed at the affront, but he controlled himself.

"Go on deck, now, Rowland," he said. "I will talk with you again before we reach soundings. Meanwhile I request—not require, but request—that you hold no useless conversation with your shipmates in regard to this matter."

To the first officer, when relieved at

eight bells, the captain said: "He is a broken down wreck with a temporarily active conscience, but is not the man to buy or intimidate. He knows too much. However, we've found his weak point. If he gets stinks before we dock his testimony is worthless. Fill him up and I'll see the surgeon and study up on drugs."

When Rowland turned out to breakfast at seven bells that morning he found a pint flask in the pocket of his



"I prefer drinking alone, captain."

pea jacket, which he felt of, but did not pull out in sight of his watch mates.

"Well, captain," he thought, "you are in truth about as puerile, insipid a scoundrel as ever escaped the law. I'll save you your drugged Dutch courage for evidence." But it was not drugged, as he learned later. It was good whiskey—a leader—to warm his stomach while the captain was studying.

An incident occurred that morning which drew Rowland's thoughts far from the happenings of the night. A few hours of bright sunshine had brought the passengers on deck like bees from a hive, and the two broad promenades resembled in color and life the streets of a city. The watch was busy at the inevitable scrubbing, and Rowland, with a swab and bucket, was cleaning the white paint on the starboard taffrail, screened from view by the after deck house, which shut off a narrow space at the stern. A little girl ran into the inclosure, laughing and screaming, and clung to his legs while she jumped up and down in an overflow of spirits.

"I wunned 'way," she said; "I wunned 'way from mamma."

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.)



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2 17	Winchester	8 03
2 35	L. & E. Junction	8 18
3 05	Clay City	8 50
3 47	Campton Junction	9 27
4 04	Torrent	9 44
4 25	Beattyville Junction	10 04
4 52	Athol	10 30
5 19	O. & K. Junction	10 57
5 25	Jackson	11 05
	Quicksand	11 25

No. 1	WEST BOUND	No. 3
Daily a.m.	Stations	Daily p.m.
	Quicksand	1 25
5 05	Jackson	1 50
5 10	O. & K. Junction	1 57
5 35	Athol	2 22
6 03	Beattyville Junction	2 51
6 25	Torrent	3 12
6 43	Campton Junction	3 30
7 19	Clay City	4 05
7 51	L. & E. Junction	4 37
8 05	Winchester	4 50
8 50	Lexington	5 35

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